Excerpt from a Play

***The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising*—Günter Grass**

DISSENT

A NATION IN FERMENT

JAMES FINN — *American Catholics Turn Left . . .*
PAT WATTERS—*Negro Strategies in the South . . .*
DAVID BAKAN, ROBERT HOFFMAN — *Professors, Students, the Draft . . .* MURRAY HAUSKNECHT— *The CIA and the Universities . . .* BENNETT BERGER— *Self-Hatred and the Politics of Kicks . . .* PAUL JACOBS—*What Can We Expect from the Unions?*

A CULTURE IN TORMENT

NIKOLAI ARZHAK—*Hands (a story) . . .* GUSTAV HERLING-GRUDZINSKI—*Kafka in Russia . . .* ALBERTO MORAVIA—*An Open Letter to Sholokhov . . .*

and:

DAVID W. WEISS

The Plight of the Jews in the Soviet Union

Also

KEITH BOTSFORD—on Venezuela
RICHARD BOYERS and LIONEL ABEL—on Marat/Sade
HERBERT SIMON and BEN SELIGMAN—on Automation . . .

JULY-AUGUST 1966 75c.

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DISSENT

JULY–AUGUST 1966

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS

Poland: The Crisis of Opinion—by E. G. 338
Why Bosch Lost the Dominican Election—*by Penn Kemble* 339
A Change of the Stance in the Cold War
—*by Henri Rabasseire* 343
The CIA and the Universities—*by Murray Hausknecht* 348
The Example of Sutan Sjahrir: 1909–1966—*by Stanley Plastrik* 350

ARTICLES

American Catholics Turn Left—*by James Finn* 352
The Negroes Enter Southern Politics—*by Pat Watters* 361
The Draft: Reflections & Opinions
—*by David Bakan and Robert L. Hoffman* 369
The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising
(excerpt from a play)—*by Günter Grass* 374
Revolution and Counter-revolution:
Or, Venezuela Revisited—*by Keith Botsford* 377
Hands (a story)—*by Nikolai Arzhak* 391
Kafka in Russia—*by Gustav Herling-Grudzinski* 396
Open Letter to Sholokhov—*by Alberto Moravia* 401
What Can We Expect from the Unions?—*by Paul Jacobs*..... 405
Notebook:
Self-Hatred and the Politics of Kicks
—*by Bennett M. Berger* 414
A Letter from Nigeria—*by Steven A. Jervis* 418

COMMUNICATIONS

On the Sanity of Marat/Sade:
In Defense of the Young Leftist—*by Robert Boyers* 421
In Answer to George P. Elliot and Robert Boyers
—*by Lionel Abel* 425
The Automation Bogy—*by Herbert A. Simon* 427
A Reply—*by Ben B. Seligman* 429

BOOKS

Apropos in Cold Blood (In Cold Blood, by Truman Capote)
—*reviewed by George Eckstein* 433
On the Genesis of Stalinism (Power and the Soviet Elite: "The Letter of an Old Bolshevik" and Other Essays, by Boris I. Nicolaevsky)—*reviewed by Stephen F. Cohen* 435
Mental Hospitals vs. Human Freedom (Psychiatric Ideologies and Institutions, by Anselm Strauss, Leonard Schatzman, Rue Bucher, Danuba Ehrlich, Melvin Sabshin)—*reviewed by Robert Maisel* 439

LETTERS

..... 443

A SPECIAL REPORT

The Plight of the Jews in the Soviet Union
—*by David W. Weiss* 447

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DISSENT is a journal devoted to the ideas and values of democratic socialism. It seeks to serve as a forum for writers devoted to these ideas and values, while also welcoming a wide variety of other opinions. Each writer speaks for himself; there is no effort made to exact editorial consensus or uniformity.

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A BI-MONTHLY OF SOCIALIST OPINION

Poland: The Crime of Opinion

Accused of distributing a 128-page pamphlet "detrimental to the interests of the Polish state and dealing with political and social relations in Poland," over a dozen members of the Polish Communist party were arrested in Warsaw in April 1965.* In two trials, five were sentenced to imprisonment. The fate of the others arrested is not clear from published reports.

At the first trial, in July 1965, Karol Modjelewski was sentenced to three-and-one-half years; Jacek Kuron, to three. Modjelewski, 27 years old, had been a lecturer at Warsaw University; his father had at one time been Minister of Foreign Affairs. Kuron was also at Warsaw University. It is reported that spectators at this first trial joined the defendants in protest, singing the *Internationale*.

The second trial, in January of this year, was, accordingly, held in secret. Ludwik Hass and Romuald Smiech, both history instructors at Warsaw University, and Kazmirez Badowski, an economist at Cracow University, were sentenced to three years. For the first time since 1956, political defendants were brought into court handcuffed.

The pamphlet, which led to the imprisonment of the five socialists, argued that the Communist state was a bureaucratic dictaorship which represented a new ruling class, and not

* We are indebted to an article by William Remsen in *New Politics* for the information here presented, and to the *The Militant* for the excerpts from Isaac Deutscher's letter.

(continued on page 441)

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COMMENTS AND OPINIONS

Penn Kemble

Why Bosch Lost the Dominican Election

SANTO DOMINGO
JUNE 6, 1966

The defeat of Juan Bosch in last week's election is another of those bitter episodes which seem so constantly fated for the democratic forces of the Dominican Republic. Not only is it almost surely a victory for Joaquin Balaguer and his right-wing supporters. It could easily prove to be a victory for Tom Mann, architect of reactionary U.S. policies in South America; for cynicism, for anti-democratic forces of both left and right, for military intervention, and for all the related ills that plague Latin America. Nor is it by any means certain that Balaguer's victory will bring what many of those who voted for him must have wanted most of all—a period of calm for their country. Even the unhappy peace a conservative government might impose will be difficult to maintain in the explosive situation likely to develop.

According to the announced returns Balaguer received nearly 60 percent of a vote which, when all returns are in, should exceed 1,200,000. Bosch ran well in the cities; he swept Santo Domingo by about the same margin that Balaguer had in the total vote. The working class and the urban youth were solidly for him. But in the provinces, which account for nearly 80 percent of the country's population, Balaguer beat Bosch two to one.

Charges of electoral fraud have been made both by supporters of Bosch and those of Raphael Bonnelly, candidate of the extreme right. These charges should be thoroughly and impartially investigated. However, I think it reasonable to say that if fraud did occur, it was not during the voting process itself, but later, in the tabulation of the ballots. The Committee for Free Elections in the Dominican Republic, headed by Norman Thomas, sent some seventy observers into all parts of the country during the election period. Although some of these observers, like myself, were pro-Bosch, we were committed to objectivity in our judgment of the voting process. In the view of most observers this aspect of the election was free and honest.

Many people, especially American newspapermen, are explaining Bosch's defeat as a result of the kind of campaign he ran. Throughout the campaign he relied on radio speeches and press statements, hardly ever leaving his well-guarded house. It is frequently said that he stayed home out of fear of assassination. Whether or not this is true, it should be recognized that such a fear would have been entirely

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justifiable—and not something to be sneered at by American newsmen, many of whom spent their visits to the Dominican Republic cloistered in the Hotel Embajador, a bit of transplanted Miami Beach that snuggles close to an American army camp several miles outside of Santo Domingo.

During the turbulent months that Bosch held power following his election in 1962, he showed a good measure of personal courage. It thus seems more likely that he stayed home during this campaign because he wanted to avoid the sort of incident that would give the army a pretext to interfere with the election. Given the enthusiasm of some Bosch supporters and, more importantly, the treacherousness of the Dominican armed forces, such an incident would have been probable had Bosch gone barnstorming in the provinces. However, looking back on the campaign with the advantage of hindsight (a form of wisdom never in short supply), it would perhaps have been better to have taken the risks.

Balaguer's campaign was very well-financed. His resources ranged from airplanes for sky-writing to stencils for painting his red rooster emblem on walls and buildings. (Other parties generally painted their initials free-hand.) This evidence of heavy spending casts some suspicion on Balaguer's campaign. It was an ill-kept secret here that the United States favored Balaguer, and it is by no means impossible that some U.S. money found its way into his coffers. Another possibility is that Balaguer was able to set aside a large nest egg during his service in the Trujillo regime. This is widely rumored in Santo Domingo, and calls into question the explanation that Balaguer won because Dominican citizens have a high regard for his honesty and responsibility in government. There are some Dominicans who are so jaded that they will tell you Trujillo, because he kept order, was good for the country. But even these do not deny that he was also extravagantly corrupt and despotic, so that it is hard to believe anyone was deeply impressed by the supposed rectitude of Balaguer, one of Trujillo's collaborators.

II

The most plausible explanation for the Balaguer victory is that many Dominicans have grown weary and a little cynical about politics. In the provinces this cynicism is probably the same that progressive forces have often encountered among peasants. They are wedded to the routine of agricultural life, and resent protracted disruptions of that routine caused by political efforts, often incomprehensible to them, that have been stirred up in the cities. Besides, many of their sons are in the armed forces, which gives them both sentimental and economic ties to a group that felt threatened by Bosch.

Yet by themselves the votes of rural conservatives were not enough to defeat Bosch in 1962, and could not have been enough this time either. There was another and newer kind of cynicism in the air during the past election which was decisive for Bosch's defeat. Many people felt, as some told me directly, that if Bosch were elected he would immediately be forced into conflict with the military. This is not to say that Bosch would have wildly and quixotically assailed the armed

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forces. On the contrary, the armed forces might well have provoked the conflict by refusing to accept him. Under such circumstances, however, the Americans could not be counted on to support Bosch, despite their claims that they would accept any elected government. The country would then be plunged into a civil war which the army—no doubt unified and well-supplied since the American intervention—would probably win, but which in any case would be immensely destructive. Faced with this alternative, many Dominicans seem to have resigned themselves to Balaguer, whose whole campaign stressed the restoration of civic peace and whose supporters kept hinting that a victory for their man would bring financial help from the U.S. of a kind that Bosch could not possibly get.

Given the unhappy result of the election, one can only hope that Balaguer will redeem his pledge to see that foreign troops are withdrawn from the country (though he seems already to be hedging on this matter); that he will maintain at least a measure of supremacy by the civilian government over the armed forces (who swarm through the country in quantities that to a visitor are utterly startling); and that he will tolerate organized political opposition. Bosch and his party, the PRD, could then play a vital role as a democratic opposition pressing for reforms and enabling the country, despite Balaguer, to achieve at least some social and economic advances. The major threat to this course of events is not the left extremism that so preoccupies American officials—the Dominican Communists, though noisy, seem few. And while there are probably some hotheads among Bosch supporters, their restraint during the occupation and the pre-election period was impressive. The greatest danger to a stable civilian administration now is likely the return of militarists, symbolized by General Wessin y Wessin, whom the *New York Times* reports to be on his way back to the island. Should these men regain their influence it is likely that they will control Balaguer—not at all an independent personality—and their style of rule will be intolerable to many Dominicans. Such a development will lead to a massive revival of revolutionary fervor in the country, whether of a Constitutionalist or Communist variety. If it is the former, it will be entirely justifiable.

Under these circumstances the United States should use its influence to prevent the military from regaining power. (Perhaps its disastrous affair with Marshall Ky has taught the State Department a lesson about power-hungry militarists—although it has proved remarkably resistant to such lessons.) If a version of a democratic civilian government is maintained and freedom allowed to opposition views, it is fair to ask that Bosch and his followers refrain from revolutionary violence and become a left opposition within a democratic, constitutional context. The PRD could be a mainstay of anti-militarism, and press Balaguer to live up to his campaign pledges, a number of which were not dissimilar to Bosch's. But, taking into account all that has gone before, this will take a near-miracle to achieve.

One of the gravest dangers to this kind of development is that the

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United States may feel vindicated in its policy of military intervention. The American Embassy probably reads the Balaguer victory as a show of genuinely conservative sentiment rather than a temporary submission in the face of the overwhelming power of the United States and Dominican armed forces. But revolutions have their cycles, and this one will probably revive. If it is to be constructive and democratic, the Dominican military must be vigorously restrained. The same holds for all Latin America: what a disaster it will be if the Mann doctrine of military intervention now becomes the entrenched policy of the State Department in regard to all popular upheavals!

Finally, a few words about the Committee for Free Elections in the Dominican Republic. DISSENT readers may have heard some of the controversy over the work of this group.

The Committee was organized last March when several groups in the Dominican Republic charged that violence and intimidation were preventing a free election campaign. Bosch's supporters had, with justification, made most of the complaints. A Commission on Free Elections, including Victor Reuther, Bayard Rustin, Rev. Richard Shaull and other notables, was sent to the Dominican Republic. At about this time the campaign atmosphere improved, partially, it seems fair to say, because of the interest of the Committee.

The Committee decided to send a number of independent observers, drawn from a variety of American nations, to go throughout the country during the election period. The three major parties in the election welcomed this effort and signed letters of invitation. (It was only *after* this effort was begun that the Organization of American States decided to send its own observers for the election.) The Committee for Free Elections worked with the Dominican Association for Human Rights, a locally sponsored civil liberties organization whose assistance was of great value. While the Committee has been criticized in the United States for interfering in the elections, no such criticisms were heard in the Dominican Republic. In fact, we were welcomed by all sides, which is a lot more than can be said for the OAS observers. The Committee for Free Elections sent more than 70 observers to all provinces during the election period; the OAS sent about half as many. In too many cases the OAS observers spent their time in such activities as having cocktails with the provincial governor—as reported to us in San Pedro de Macoris—rather than touring the polling places.

Our group was cordially and—especially in troubled Santo Domingo—even enthusiastically received by the Dominican people. On several occasions Norman Thomas was cheered and people left their places in the long voting lines to shake his hand. This kind of personal contact with people there, demonstrating that at least some Americans are strong respecters of the sentiments of Dominicans and are hostile to authoritarian government, was one of the greatest benefits of our presence. If the situation does take a turn for the better, this may be one of the causes.

Some Dominicans, however, were not happy that we did not at once de-

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nounce the election returns as fraudulent. Even if there had been overwhelming evidence of irregularities in the handling of the ballots after they had been cast, this evidence would have been the domain of the Electoral Board and the special committees of the various parties. The role of the U.S. observers was only that of helping to create a peaceful and free climate in which the elections could be held, and to see that voters had access to the polls. We were not asked to put representatives on the Electoral Boards nor, since none of our observers were familiar with the technicalities of the electoral process, would it have been responsible for us to offer such representatives. The local Boards were made up of representatives of all parties; if fraud did occur they should be able to detect it. As yet, to my knowledge, no evidence that would seriously dispute the victory of Balaguer has appeared.

Many of the observers sent by the Committee for Free Elections were, privately, admirers of Juan Bosch. Many were disappointed by the outcome of the election. Yet, at least up to the point when the ballots were cast, it was obvious that for the most part the elections were free and honest. Had Norman Thomas not admitted this, he and those associated with him would have been so discredited that they could be of very little help to the Dominican people in what are likely to be the difficult times to come.

Henri Rabasseire

A Change of Stance in the Cold War?

In foreign affairs, no rule applies over long periods of time. Only the simple-minded imagine that, once committed to a crusade, a government must continue it until either victory or defeat. Or like children watching a Western, they assume that the good guys are always on the same side, and that a bad guy will act equally tough on all fronts. People a little more sophisticated may assume that bad guys too are smart and, without ceasing to be bad guys, may behave nicely toward one adversary while preparing a confrontation with another.

In such a view, the United States and the Soviet Union are now working for a détente between them because they both foresee war with China. This view, I submit, attributes to the State Department and the Kremlin more planning and calculating than they are capable of. It might just as well be that the present loosening of the NATO and Warsaw pacts was forced upon both quite accidentally at the same time and that, accidentally also, tension in the Far East increased at the same time for both of them. Far from being the result of clever co-ordination, the simul-

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taneous moves toward relaxation in Europe and tension in Asia may have no more sinister source than the natural dynamism of the previous condition and the clumsy fumbling of diplomats. President Johnson should neither be blamed for premeditating the Vietnamese war nor praised for seeking "new and imaginative policies" in Europe.

Professional observers of the Washington scene assume that anyone calling for "new and imaginative policies" has not the foggiest idea of what that policy should be. It was therefore somewhat surprising recently to hear this formula from Dean Acheson, who usually does know what he is talking about. But he spoke as a defeated man. As father of NATO and architect of the containment policy he had come to tell a Congressional Committee that the old NATO conception cannot be salvaged and that containment no longer operates in the accustomed ways but must be replaced or supplemented by the techniques of penetration and coexistence. McGeorge Bundy already has left the White House staff and George Ball is on his way out of the State Department. Both were strong "Europeanists," Ball so fanatically that he proposed to take "punitive action" against de Gaulle. Fortunately such childish display was overruled. Bundy's work has been taken over by Walt Rostow, a man of infinite flexibility and bubbling over with ideas; his place in the Planning Division of the State Department has been taken by Professor Zbigniev Brzezinski, a hard-liner on Asia but an advocate of "peaceful engagement" and general relaxation between NATO and the Warsaw powers in Europe. NATO, Brzezinski proposed and Acheson now agrees, is to be converted from an instrument of containment into an instrument of rapprochement. This change is proposed not because the danger of Soviet aggression has been abated, but because NATO no longer fulfills well enough all the purposes for which it had been designed.

NATO was able to keep the Cold War at a manageable temperature; but its usefulness to the Western powers has mostly disappeared, and its usefulness as an instrument of U.S. hegemony is declining. What is left of NATO, after the recent explosion of nationalism in Europe, threatens to turn the alliance from an instrument to "cool" the East–West rivalry into an instrument of German irredentism. For without France, the strategic pull of West Germany inside NATO may become irresistible. Germany may demand a share in the use or control of nuclear weapons; she may decide to manufacture her own deterrent. Should the West be unable to secure her national aim of re-unification, Bonn might then turn around and make a deal with the Soviet Union, which would upset the balance of power in Europe and eventually lead to a sixth partition of Poland. Ex-Defense Minister Franz Joseph Strauss is preparing his political comeback with a frankly militaristic agitation; a neofascist party (NDP), which nationally polled only 2 percent of the votes, was able to make significant inroads locally into the ranks of the right-wing Free Democratic Party. There is concern in German Social Democratic circles that this new party may have a potential of up to 15 percent among the young, who are dis-

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satisfied with the "square" culture of the post-Third Reich, its lackluster leaders, its unsolved border questions, its dependence on the U.S.—in short, the absence of a German de Gaulle.

Nor is German unrest confined to the lunatic fringe. Everybody seems eager to go on record that "something must be done" or "something must change." People, who for years had been satisfied with the economic miracle and reconciled to the political status quo, now are toying with "Rapallo" or with "hardware." The peace-loving and U.S.-loving Social Democrats again surge forward as spokesmen of Germany's national aspirations; while they honestly do not want a "finger on the trigger," they do demand "a finger on the safety catch." On the other hand, they have initiated a "policy of small steps" toward re-unification which is supposed to drain some of the impatience out of the body politic. So far, it has led to an agreement on a public debate to be held in the middle of July between Willy Brandt and Walter Ulbricht; and at least some Social Democrats are apprehensive lest this spectacle bring Ulbricht closer to the fulfillment of his slogan: "Germans all around one table," to the exclusion of Germany's allies and the guarantors of the status quo. Others wonder why de Gaulle also favors this plan and doubt that the Social Democrats will be able to control the genie they are conjuring up; for these initiatives will undoubtedly increase the possibility of maneuver for German nationalism. The Bonn Government not only has refused to guarantee the borders of Germany's Eastern neighbors, but it is withholding its assent to a non-proliferation treaty regarding atomic weapons.

Thus the Cold War, which originally was in part a propagandistic device to keep the NATO allies in their place and to guarantee the status quo, now threatens to degenerate into a not-so-cold war of maneuver, where the security of Europe may be at the mercy of electoral rhetoric in one or two states. The U.S. is in the uncomfortable position of having to guarantee this new room for maneuver to its allies while no longer being able to control them. Hence both the helplessness of American policy and the search for a new one. Kennedy's "Grand Design" merely tried to confirm the very U.S. hegemony which is now being resented. An attempt was made to dangle before the allies the semblance of a nuclear sharing device while withholding from them the real thing. Repeated promises were given to the effect that under no circumstances would the U.S. withdraw troops from German soil or diminish its protection of German territory; troops have been transferred to Vietnam, and while the old NATO strategy of "instant retaliation" ceased to be credible in the eyes of both allies and enemies, McNamara's new strategy of "defense in depth," with an ample pause for reflection before nuclear escalation, frankly implies a strategic retreat on German soil without —after de Gaulle's withdrawal—any rear to withdraw to. It is understandable that under those circumstances Mr. McNamara proclaimed that containment never meant containment by military means alone! The defense of Germany no longer can be guaranteed by the credibility of U.S. instant re-

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taliation, nor by the promise of reconquest after a strategic retreat. In fact, the Germans have been advised, by various roundabout hints, to prepare for a further thinning-out of the American presence in Europe. Concomitantly, they have been urged to seek diplomatic accommodation with their Eastern neighbors and to start earnest (presumably "imaginative") conversations with the Czechs, the Poles and even the Ulbricht government (DDR).

This implies a number of "sacrifices" for the Germans, less in terms of real protection than in terms of the juridical fictions so dear to their ossified, hopelessly lawyer-dominated foreign service. Such legal fictions include not only the Hallstein doctrine (which forces the Federal Republic to sever relations with any government that recognizes the DDR, except the Soviet Union), but the refusal to recognize the present frontiers of Poland, Czechoslovakia and the DDR, as well as the denial that there is an East German government (with which Bonn has numerous commercial and other agreements).

The State Department, therefore, not only is exercising gentle pressure on Bonn to relax its "cold war" attitude; it is trying to encourage independent policies in East European chancelleries, to soften or eventually dissolve the Warsaw Pact, to search for security arrangements which would lessen the German hold on U.S. policies while not releasing the Germans from all ties to the Western alliance. This may be a squaring of the circle, but there is no denying the fact that once the alliances in the East and in the West have started their process of dissolution, the process becomes cumulative: the less they hold together, the less they feel a need for holding together, so that in the end anything can happen. Admittedly, that "anything" is as much to be feared as to be hoped for; there are obvious risks, not only in terms of U.S. or other people's security, but in terms of world peace. Hence President Johnson, echoed by Mr. McNamara, is heard to speak of the need for "building bridges" to these East European countries. If Moscow receives de Gaulle, Washington inches closer to Bucharest. We may be relapsing into the old diplomatic game of wife-swapping. The recent modus operandi, as practiced by Stalin and Dulles, where each kept his harem well together and no leering glances into a neighbor's garden were permitted, was easier to play. It also was neater: you knew who the good guys and the bad guys were. Nowadays these definitions may change overnight.

While these developments have occurred in the West quite independently of the Far Eastern situation, we nevertheless may ask whether they might not have repercussions in that area. Once we are at it, we might play the new game in another garden too: why should the Chinese be excluded from the change-your-partner dance? Why should we just replace the Russian bad guy with a Chinese bad guy? Détente in the West, in other words, must not necessarily mean increased tension in the East—as though there were a certain amount of hate and tension in the world which must be applied *somewhere* unless it is diluted evenly everywhere, or

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as though international diplomacy were a system of pipes in which the water must rise in one place because it falls elsewhere. Relaxation in the West will, of course, free our military hands to deal more effectively with the East, but it also will free Russian hands; and both nations have an interest in settling the Vietnam conflict. Nor can the Chinese be eager to confront the Russians and the U.S. simultaneously. The opportunities which this situation offers to U.S. diplomacy, however, are largely unused, partly out of blind righteousness vis-à-vis a nation which we once had condemned by a U.N. resolution, partly out of racial prejudice and partly out of fear of "Communism."

It is true that our stubbornness is greatly helped by an even more irrational truculence on the part of the Chinese. It is also true that at the present stage of the game the Chinese seem to be less intractable than the Viet Cong command and that neither will accept a settlement or accommodation which permits a continued "U.S. presence" on Southeast Asian soil. No serious observer has ever maintained that our problems will be over the moment Peking is admitted to the U.N., or even the moment we abandon Chiang Kai-shek and General Ky. Our problems may well become more serious, and this may be the place to say a word about the neo-isolationist argument: As the largest military power, the U.S. cannot escape its share of responsibility for the collective security of all nations. It is both poor logic and poor politics to maintain that the United States has no business to seek spheres of influence and almost in the same breath maintain that one cannot deny China her preponderant influence in Southeast Asia. The fact is that all three, the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and China, are big powers with a tendency to be overweening; and if they do not restrain each other, no one else will. On the other hand, if they fail to restrain their retainers, they may find themselves in a war they had not planned. For both purposes, it is necessary that the big powers maintain constant diplomatic contact and seek to negotiate issues which might otherwise involve them in armed conflict. But they must seek this accommodation now under conditions where their own liberty of maneuver is restricted by the greater independence of their satellites.

In summary, the crisis of NATO and the Warsaw Pact has weakened the hegemony of the U.S. in the West and the U.S.S.R. in Eastern Europe; the break-up of the Sino-Soviet bloc has resulted in the emergence of China as a potential contender for big power status, while the demise of the colonial empires has diminished the status of France and England. The chauvinistic policies of General de Gaulle have momentarily arrested the strong movement toward European unity; the General's own efforts to weld such a unity under French hegemony were thwarted by the Anglo-Saxon powers, and there is at this moment little hope for the early emergence of an independent and united Europe as a fourth big power. Rather, the tendency fostered for different purposes by American, Soviet, French and other diplomacies, is toward a loosening of the alliances, with each of the lesser

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powers seeking favorable deals with partners on the other side of the curtain. This, however, may force the United States and the Soviet Union to seek direct deals with each other. For both, the Cold War loses much of its usefulness, insofar as it no longer helps them control their allies. Secretary of State Dean Rusk has announced that this country stands prepared to negotiate individual issues, each on its merits. Until recently, the polite form of refusing to negotiate was to say that the entire Cold War package had to be negotiated at once. If this is no longer State Department doctrine, we might indeed be on the threshold of major new developments.

Murray Hausknecht

The CIA and the Universities

In almost every field of governmental concern from economics to national security the academic community has become a central instrument of public policy in these United States.
—Lyndon B. Johnson at Princeton University

Instrument . . . 1. A thing with or through which something is done or effected; a means. b. A person made use of by another person or being, for the accomplishment of a purpose (*cf.* tool) *. . . 2. A tool, implement, weapon. (Now usu. dist. from a* tool, *as being used for more delicate work or for artistic or scientific purposes.)*
—Oxford Universal Dictionary

The limiting case of the President's generalization is the CIA's enrollment in—or, perhaps, enrollment of—Michigan State University's Vietnam project. In this extreme instance the university was used as a tool, though as a rule the academic community is handled more delicately. For many years now the military services have poured millions of dollars for research into the universities. In many instances scholars have deserted the campus for organizations like RAND whose existence is directly related to the needs of "national security." Presumably, the university has thereby become an effective instrument; but can an instrument remain a university?

A university may still be thought of with some justice as a community of scholars. The fruits of its intellectual enterprises are often useful to particular groups and interests outside the university, but its existence is not finally to be justified on these pragmatic grounds. The problems that occupy scholars arise out of a consensus

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on "the pertinent problems of our discipline" combined with the manias or daemons that possess individual scholars. The university has become the primary place where these ends are pursued, and their achievement depends upon a recognition of the legitimacy of these ends apart from the utilitarian consequences. This means the university needs a certain area of autonomy that must be protected against encroachment.

What Johnson's statement and the actual practices of the military establishment do is to institutionalize the view of the university as an instrument—and this entails a denial of both its legitimate ends and its autonomy. To talk of this as an *institutionalized* definition is to emphasize the undemocratic and even totalitarian thrust of the attitude and behavior. At the heart of totalitarianism is a refusal to recognize the autonomy of persons and groups, and the lack of any barriers to the state's harnessing of all human energies for its own ends. A major heresy in a totalitarian society is the notion that one can be legitimately indifferent or opposed to the ends of the state. This orientation to the world appears at another point in President Johnson's Princeton speech. He reminded the audience that in 1940 Archibald MacLeish had warned intellectuals of "what history would say of those who failed to oppose the forces of disorder then loose in Europe." To escape the condemnation of history, "other studies, no matter how important, must not now detract the man of learning from the misfortunes of freedom in Southeast Asia." This totalitarian perspective, complete with its appeal to history, is what justifies the CIA and the Army's Project Camelot. Yet even if one gives an entirely different meaning than the President's to the "misfortunes of freedom in Southeast Asia," it is illegitimate to demand that men of learning desert their daemons for those that possess the state.

Michigan State and MIT are in no immediate danger of being taken over completely by the CIA, nor is Harvard in any danger of becoming a mere appendage of the State Department. The real peril is of a more subtle kind; alliances between universities and the military establishment add to the power of similar forces already eroding the traditions of scholarly work in the universities. The utilitarian consequences of intellectual work tempt other groups in the society to harness the university to their ends. These forces combine with elements within the university, because only in part is it a community of scholars.

Power within the university is wielded by those who fill economic, bureaucratic, and political roles. Given their perspectives and the imperatives of their positions, such people are vulnerable to the temptations of alliances with outside interests. Consequently, a considerable amount of intellectual energy within a university is always directed to ends other than those traditionally associated with the intellectual enterprise. But this makes it increasingly difficult for the institution to perform one of its main functions: to maintain and transmit commitments to the value and discipline underlying intellectual work. How can students be encouraged to

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take a principled view of their studies when the university and its faculty define themselves and their work instrumentally? No self-respecting student can be expected to respond positively to talk of "the life of the mind" when the university itself shows no decent respect for it.

Though an alliance with the military establishment is not radically different from connections with other economic and social forces, there is one important difference. The values of the military are more fundamentally at odds with those of the academic community than are the values of most other groups. Intellectual work is congruent with *some* of the basic assumptions society makes about the nature of human life and personality. Put over-simply, we assume that human life is a struggle for knowledge, mastery, and control of the natural and social forces in the environment, and it is in the course of this struggle that human potentials are realized and life itself is enhanced. Thus, intellectual work is a "life enhancing" activity. How then can the university retain this quality when it is harnessed to institutions of death and destruction?

Stanley Plastrik

The Example of Sutan Sjahrir: 1909–1966

On April 19, 250,000 Indonesians paid public homage to the memory of Sutan Sjahrir, the Sumatra-born socialist leader of the early Indonesian Republic and its first premier. He had spent the last four years of his life as a prisoner of President Sukarno, that sinister, aging buffoon, because he had opposed the authoritarian spirit of Sukarno's "guided democracy." Released in 1965, his health broken by a series of imprisonments under the Dutch, the Japanese, and then his compatriots, Sjahrir was a stricken man who had already lost his power of speech. A few weeks later he died in a Swiss hospital.

How bitter a commentary the parallel careers of Sjahrir and Sukarno form upon the destiny of Indonesia! Both had been leaders in the nationalist movement, and when Indonesia achieved independence, the two men were for a brief moment collaborators in trying to create a new nation. But soon it became clear that they were utterly different in spirit and quality. Sjahrir believed in the validity of Western political and cultural values as these would be adapted to an Indonesian context; he opposed the mindless xenophobia which Sukarno made into his special mark and which is often a prop for the authoritarianism that has followed the independence of certain new nations. Sjahrir believed in representative government and free political parties—not simply in order to ape the West, but because he was devoted in principle to the

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idea of liberty, and because he understood that free institutions would be needed to meet the requirements of a state that consists of thousands of islands, hundreds of different ethnic groups, scores of languages, and dozens of cultures and religions. He fought, in vain, against Sukarno's notion of the "unitary state"—later to be used by "Bung Karno" as an excuse for employing the army in a series of wars at the edges of the Indonesian archipelago. What Sukarno was in practice doing, amidst all his chatter about opposing neo-colonialism, was to destroy *the democratic processes the Indonesians themselves had already established;* and he was undermining, as well, the local autonomy of the various Indonesian islands, while establishing Javanese domination.

Sjahrir, by contrast, sought a solution to the problem of unifying Indonesia's disparate peoples, along the lines of India's Congress and Socialist movements—and by contrast to the Chinese methods of centralized overlordship, as in Tibet. Sjahrir opposed Sukarno's expansionist, anti-Malaysian policy, a piece of braggadocio calculated to distract attention from the chaos of the Indonesian economy.

The struggle was obviously uneven, for Sjahrir's rational intelligence could not compete with Sukarno's "nationalist" demagogy. Sustained in power by the Indonesian Communists, as well as by his own wing of the nationalist movement, Sukarno proceeded to imprison not only Sjahrir but also such other leaders of early Indonesian nationalism as Mohammed Hatta, Asaat, and Sastrosatomo. The country was demoralized and corrupted in the name of "guided democracy."

It is much too soon to say that the day of Sjahrir has arrived—the day of colonial independence based on the ideals of democratic socialism. The recent terrible slaughter of the Communists in Indonesia, a pogrom for which there can be no justification or defense, does not suggest to us that national reconciliation or tolerance is yet in prospect. But it does begin to seem that the day of the authoritarian demagogue—the Sukarno, the Nkrumah—is coming to an end. We can only hope that with time and a return to Sjahrir's spirit of conciliation, Indonesia will find a way out of its turmoil and bloodshed.

Meanwhile, two observations: First, the enormous turn-out for Sjahrir's funeral suggests that even in countries stripped of freedom, social memory is stronger than is commonly supposed. There were Indonesians who looked back with strong feelings to the integrity and principles of a man like Sjahrir. They did remember, they did care.

Secondly, we should like to recommend to some of the younger American radicals, especially those who maintain a close interest in the "Third World," that they look into the life and work of Sutan Sjahrir. Perhaps enthusiasm for dictators like Sukarno, Nkrumah and Nasser will be lessened, or at least complicated. It is not a matter of uncritically accepting everything Sjahrir said or did: he too made mistakes. But surely there ought to be some moral drawn from the fact that uncompromising figures in countries like Indonesia understood that national freedom, socialism and democracy are inseparable goals, linked values.

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James Finn

AMERICAN CATHOLICS TURN LEFT

At the 1950 meeting of the Catholic Press Association, the featured speaker of the program was a man at the peak of his influence—Senator Joseph McCarthy. When he was accorded a standing ovation only two people kept their seats, the representatives of the *Commonweal*. The consistent critical position that earned for *Commonweal* a reputation as the leading liberal Catholic journal also earned for it, during the McCarthy period, a place of splendid isolation.

Today, by contrast, there is a committee that is trying to form a conservative Catholic journal because, it alleges, "the Left now speaks to and for the Church, in varying degrees of extravagance and stridency" in magazines such as *Commonweal, Jubilee, Ave Maria, Ramparts,* and *The Catholic World.* The conservative Catholic, it further alleges, is generally excluded from a Catholic press that has succumbed to liberalism, welfarism, socialism and a string of even more horrible afflictions. This charge comes from persons who can make the trip from open housing to liberalism to socialism to communism in several easy, well-rehearsed steps; yet in truth there *has* been a rapid and significant change in the Catholic press in this country.

This change is only one sign of profund developments within the Church that are, to sensitive Catholics, exhilarating and sometimes unnerving. To other Americans they are worth serious attention if only because they render past stereotypes about American Catholics almost unserviceable. And of still more importance to the democratic left is the probability that there will be an important number of Catholics who will share in its political goals, arguments, and actions.

J. M. Cameron, a contemporary English writer who refers to himself as a "Catholic of the left," says that "this is not so fabulous a creature as many English and American Catholics are inclined to believe; and the attitude has a respectable though somewhat troubled ancestry." True; but in this country the Catholic radical has usually had a rough time of it, for he has been almost completely dismissed by his fellow Catholics and not fully trusted by his radical friends. To be fair, his friends

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showed an understandable bias, for history had burdened the Catholic leftist with massive and unsettled problems, and if he internalized them the psychological tensions could cause at least momentary failings in his political faith. Now these burdens are being lifted, these tensions dissipated. In fact the changes within Catholicism are occurring so rapidly, among so many different people, and on so many different questions that almost all of the generalizations I will make must be regarded as partial.

II

For many people the first evidence of renewal within the Church was the warm voice of John XXIII saying the time had come to open the windows and let in some fresh air. Without John the renewal would not have come when and as it did; but even with him it could not have come if there had not been a long preparation. For decades there had been building up a reservoir of ideas and attitudes that challenged "traditional" patterns within the Church. And these were given substance by new and well-founded scholarship. It was John's great accomplishment to make an opening in the barriers that contained this pent-up force.

In 1941 D. W. Brogan wrote in his book on America that "not until this generation has the Church been given time (with the cessation of mass immigration) to take breath and take stock. One result of this preoccupation with the immigrants has been that the Catholic Church in America has counted for astonishingly little in the formation of the American intellectual climate."

The preoccupation with immigrants had, however, allowed the Church to grow to respectable proportions in America. And if some people described this large body with its heavy defensive armor and small intellectual capacity in unflattering terms it nevertheless belonged to the American scene—as soon as it could "take breath" it began to adapt.

An important part of the adaptation is getting rid of the defensive armor. A recent and very good book by Joseph F. Scheuer and Edward Wakin described the discarding of this armor in its title: *The De-Romanization of the American Catholic Church.* "Roman" stands here for all that would emphasize one side of the constant struggle between authority and freedom, hierarchy and fraternity, community and the person, the letter and the spirit, order and justice, certitude and search. The ideal product of this system was a Catholic of unquestioning obedience who looked to the institutional Church for guidance, regarded critics with hostility, and did his best to conform to "the Amer-

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ican way." This Catholic was not without strengths and virtues, but he was submissive, unintellectual or anti-intellectual, unadventurous and conservative. As immigrants at the bottom of the economic ladder many Catholics struggled in the labor movement, as members of an educational ghetto they fought for their school system, and as puritans they spoke out against sexual immorality; but on the whole they moved with the social and political mainstream of America. Though occupying a less favored seat in the boat, they didn't want to rock it.

Catholics have increased in number, wealth, influence and respectability, and probably most of them still choose to stay fairly close to center. But many do not, and it is they who are determining the future of American Catholicism. For well over a decade, these Catholics have been subjecting the Church to an intensive self-criticism which has left untouched almost no office, institution, tradition, formulation, or practice. The criticism has met with incredulity, hostility, mean insinuation and boredom, but it continues, and it continues to be effective.

Let me stress, however, something that is fundamental to understanding the present Catholic radical: his political stance is integral to his Catholicism, and his experience in the Church is immediately applicable to his society. An example that might seem initially irrelevant may make the point. For years Catholics were taught that birth control by artificial means was morally forbidden. This teaching was sustained, they were taught, by the Bible, tradition, and natural law, and it was stamped as infallible and irrevocable by papal pronouncement. Now this teaching has been exposed to open debate and Catholics have been forced to recognize that the Church is capable of massive and sustained error. There are many ways to express this more palatably, but this statement comes closest to expressing what Catholics have experienced.

Despite important exceptions, it would be fair to say that older Catholics either refuse to admit the possibility of change or else strain for an interpretation that says no *real* change in Church teaching would be involved. Younger people not only absorb the change readily, but have actively fought for it. They have rejected the idea of the Church as a system of mutually interdependent and inter-locking parts, each of which is essential, and of faith as the end link in a series of logically compelling syllogisms. They have rejected the idea of a Church where all decisions are made at the top, with little awareness of the experience and thinking of the large community of Catholics. They have rejected, that is, the static classical mentality in favor of empiricism and historical consciousness. They have gained, thereby, a new sense of freedom, of personal responsibility and of true community. They have learned to

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criticize the "establishment," to follow their own judgments, and to take risks. Their understanding of religious commitment does not allow them to be content with improvements in the Church; rather, it provides a drive toward particular immediate relevance in the social order. However articulated, it is a sense of the new and exciting perceptions that supports many of the Catholics who are most actively engaged in the current crucial struggles in this country—the attempts to abolish, or at least strongly contest, racial discrimination, poverty and war.

Father James Groppi is a lively member of the Milwaukee United School Integration Committee (MUSIC), a group formed to fight the Milwaukee school board over the issue of *de facto* school segregation as a result of housing patterns. "I'm obligated," he said "to minister to the needs of the people I serve, and if those people need freedom from discrimination, segregation and exploitation, then that defines my pastoral responsibility. . . . To preach pie in the sky and to do nothing about the knife in a man's back is hardly Christianity."

The older, more "comfortable" attitude was expressed by Archbishop Thomas Toolen of Mobile–Birmingham at the time of the Selma demonstrations last year. "Certainly the sisters are out of place in these demonstrations," he said. "Their place is at home doing God's work.... The same is true of priests." But the nuns and priests were sufficiently sure the demonstrations were "God's work" that they bypassed the customary request to the local bishop for permission to participate in public forums. Catholic laymen, not having the same problem, were not as dramatically visible; but they were responsible for the large Catholic participation in the Selma demonstrations.

The most dramatic, pitched battles between conservative and liberal Catholics have taken place in the Los Angeles area under the jurisdiction of James Francis Cardinal McIntyre. McIntyre is the one prelate who seemed entirely untouched by the Vatican Council, and he maintains his stance with such obduracy that Southern California has been termed the Catholic Mississippi. The lack of identification many Catholics feel was expressed by one who said that "basically the Cardinal is a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant. His whole orientation is in terms of business and property values." When Proposition 14 (which repealed the Rumford fair housing law) was coming up for a vote, the Cardinal insisted that it was improper for priests to comment on it because, in his terms, it was a political, not a moral issue. When priests did preach against the evils of racism, he silenced them. Father William DuBay accused the Cardinal of gross malfeasance at a press conference and said he had asked the Pope to remove him. Another priest, Father

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John Coffield, exiled himself because he had been forbidden to speak against racism.

In his farewell to his friends Father Coffield said in part:

> On November 15, I told you how vehemently I condemned the colossal injustice done to our richly pigmented and moderately pigmented brothers and fellow citizens of California at the polls on November 3. I urged public penance for the shocking silence permitting the injustice to be done. Three men die in Mississippi and the nation is shocked into action. One million are given a deadly blow in California and some defenders are depressed into inaction. Yet Southern California decorates its neighborhoods with festive lights of welcome, when, in truth, they barricade them against the Christ Child because he is Negro.

Priests like these are supported by lay Catholics who occasionally adopt and express extreme positions. They are sometimes embittered about both the local Church and the local government. In their terms the Church is one element of a society that is dealing in wholesale hypocrisy. Both government and Church proclaim principles of equality, but both prevent the principles from being applied. What is called for, they say, is active massive protest. These Catholics posit a clear line of obligation that runs from religious belief to moral responsibility to political action. "Put your body where your mouth is."

The problems of racism overlap, of course, those of widespread poverty. Catholic efforts to remedy the evils of poverty range from initiating rent strikes in slums to supporting the striking farm workers in California. In the fight against poverty, Catholics may be identified, but they are not distinguished by their actions. They are encountering, that is, the same practical and theoretical difficulties as the rest of the country. But there is an increasing awareness of the plight of the poor that derives not only from the situation in this country, but from discussions and controversies provoked by the Vatical Council, and I will return to this point.

The part that Catholics are playing in that ill-defined, inchoate thing called the peace movement is one of the best indications of the changing political attitudes of a number of Catholics. J. M. Cameron has said that Catholics are inclined to a political fetishism that

> gives to the commands of the state, notably where matters of war and peace are in question, a sacred and unchallengeable character, with the result that in this area of political life there is a tacit understanding that traditional moral principles are not to be applied . . . where the security of the state is held to be in question (held to be in question, that is, by the political authorities themselves), too often a guilty silence descends.

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In our current debates this "tacit understanding" has been given at least a good shaking up and a number of Catholics are intent on pressing some awkward applications. It is worth noting that large Protestant and Jewish organizations have issued statements challenging U.S. action in the Vietnam war, but that no such challenge has been issued by a comparable Catholic group. The Catholic Association for International Peace (CAIP) did issue a statement on Vietnam but it supported the government's action. In the past there would have been little Catholic dissent from the government's position. Now strong protests come from individual Catholics, *de facto* committees and new organizations such as the Catholic Peace Fellowship.

One of the most prominent and outspoken critics of U.S. policy has been Daniel Berrigan, a Jesuit, poet and author. His criticism and his prominence as one of the three cochairmen of the Clergy Concerned About Vietnam apparently unsettled some of his superiors, for he was summarily sent on an editorial assignment to South America. This sudden removal, which took him out of peace activities, aroused large public protest. He was then, coincidentally, reassigned to his former position and once again he is speaking out on Vietnam.

Though many Catholics share Berrigan's position, it is still difficult to find an American bishop and impossible to find an American cardinal who would openly criticize U.S. policy in Vietnam. But other Catholics at different levels of society now readily join the protests. Their reasons are those of other Americans whose analysis of the war leads to a conviction of its foolish injustice. But they also draw upon the traditional just-war theory, on encyclicals of Pope John and on the documents of the Vatican Council, particularly the Constitution of the Church in the Modern World. And they insist that the moral principles derived from these various resources should be applied. Where the phrase "Catholic pacifist" once seemed a contradiction in terms, Catholics now occupy a wide range of positions—from absolute pacifist, to nuclear pacifist, to selected conscientious objection. It will be most interesting in both religious and political terms if a significant number of Catholics take a position of selected conscientious objection to the war in Vietnam, invoking the traditional just-war principles which, however inadequately, the Church has attempted to keep in good repair.

The reaction of these Catholics to the various crises in our society stems from a central impulse that is not yet well-defined. A case in point, not untypical, is that of Daniel Berrigan's brother. Father Philip Berrigan was one of the signers of the "Declaration of Conscience Against the War in Vietnam." The seminary at which he taught soon began

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receiving letters accusing him of being a Communist and benefactors of the college threatened to withhold funds. Philip Berrigan was then transferred to a Negro parish in Baltimore. He has been there less than one year but he has worked among the Negro poor in his area and they are now organized so that they are able to bring some pressure to bear on local officials. Catholics like the Berrigans have learned to appreciate the value of non-violence from their participation in the fight for civil rights and they would like to transfer what they have learned to international affairs. The radical political actions of these Catholics stems from a new perception of our society and a total response to it.

I have mentioned texts most frequently invoked by those Catholics who find themselves drawn to more radical positions than they have previously acknowledged. The texts they would mention are joined to a long tradition, but two encyclicals of Pope John, *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris,* provide what needs particular emphasis in the modern world. The dangers to the individual posed by centralization are acknowledged but what is emphasized is the obligation of the state to protect, support and foster the rights of all citizens—with particular attention given to the needs of the old, the sick, the poor and all whose rights are truncated by the society in which they live. The obligation of the rich toward the poor, and rich countries toward poorer countries, is emphasized, while the dangers of a benevolent but uncomprehending paternalism are pointed out. As important perhaps are the omissions. Anyone familiar with earlier encyclicals and papal statements will note the absence in these more recent statements of what was once pervasive—a fear of the doctrinaire socialism of the nineteenth century. In fact the word "socialization" is used to describe the process by which an industrialized society might best order its human and material resources. Americans upset by the term were regarded by European Catholics with mixed amusement and disbelief.

Catholics who had disengaged themselves from the cruder involvements of the cold war also found in *Pacem in Terris* a succinct expression of their own attitudes. Without mentioning communism or the cold war the pertinent passages left little doubt about the proper application. For example:

> It is, therefore, especially to the point to make a clear distinction between false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin, and destiny of the universe and of man, and movements which have a direct bearing either on economic and social questions, or cultural matters or on the organization of the state, even if these movements owe their origin and inspiration to these false tenets. While the teaching once it has been clearly set forth is no longer subject to change, the movements,

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> precisely because they take place in the midst of changing conditions, are readily susceptible of change. Besides, who can deny that those movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?

The Constitution on the Church in the Modern World is a pastoral statement, that is, it attempts to suggest proper goals and point out dangerous pitfalls without attempting a blueprint for action. It says that whatever the facts about the kind of peace provided by our present nuclear weapons system, the so-called balance is not a sure and authentic peace: "The arms race is an utterly treacherous trap for humanity, and one which ensnares the poor to an intolerable degree." But the way in which this trap is to be avoided is left, quite properly, for those in society who are engaged with the problems.

These documents are revolutionary, especially for Catholics, not because they advocate revolution—they don't—but because they present good analyses of man's present sorry condition, suggest the improvement that is possible and affirm the moral responsibility of men to work for that improvement. They are permeated with a realistic optimism and are free from narrow dogmatism and self-interest.

These are, after all, rather minimal claims. I posit them only because they express the spirit of the Church today and it is that spirit plus a particular reading of our society that is drawing some Catholics to a more radical political position.

But let me add some cautionary remarks. I have mentioned by name priests rather than laymen not because they are more influential in determining political attitudes among Catholics. But by reason of their vocation, their position, and their garb, they dramatize the change that is taking place. The Catholic layman participating in radical political activity has little desire to call attention to his Catholicism. This does not mean that it is unimportant in his motivation; it means that he is uninterested in displaying it unless there is some special reason. And in much political and social action that reason is not immediately evident. What is important for him is that he shares with a number of other people a particular moral perception of the inequities in our society and believes that they can best be remedied by the criticism and action that is offered by or—in his terms—associated with politics of the left.

In writing about Catholics of the left I have inevitably imposed a degree of order that is not there—at least not yet. Few of the Catholics who are now engaged in radical political action have clearly developed

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political theories and many show no interest in such theories. And there is no certainty that they will remain committed to radical or even liberal politics. Many of these Catholics show more affinity with the New Left than they do with older Catholic radicals or those whose attitudes were formed by the left of the thirties. For younger Catholics the battles—theoretical at best—between socialism and Catholicism have long been relegated to the dustbin. The political splintering of the thirties holds no fascination for them. (The younger Catholics who are now interested in carrying on a dialogue with Communists have, naturally, an interest in the history of previous attempts and failures, but they tend to dismiss the advice of those who speak out of experience. They feel that they sense, better than their elders, the conditions of the present.)

Nor are there sacred texts for these people. The ecclesiastical documents I mentioned are useful, of course, but mostly in a negative sense. When referred to by the Catholic radical they are used to show, not that his position is the only and best course, but that it is a *possible* course. The Catholic is willing to rely on his own authority, his political sense, and the political tradition, if any, that he would claim as his own. If there is any underlying set of values, they cluster around an intense belief in the value of the person. This is what underlies his present political action, the undeveloped or incomplete theorizing, the criticism, the inconsistencies and the passion. This, finally, is what is regarded as inviolate, indestructible, irreplacable. More Catholics now participate in politics of the left than theorize about it. But, if not inevitable, it seems highly probable that the theorizing will come. And that fabled creature, the Catholic of the left, will take on flesh-and-blood rather than legendary characteristics.

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Pat Watters

THE NEGROES ENTER SOUTHERN POLITICS

Democratic Primaries, Black Panther: Which Way?

Selma and the March to Montgomery, so full of the hyperbole of hope, the promise that democracy would at last come to the South, marked an end to the direct-action phase of the civil rights movement. Since then, the emphasis has been on politics. The attainment of the Voting Rights Act ended the need for the movement to rely solely on demonstrations and boycotts to achieve its political ends.

In the year since Selma the movement has reflected the new reality in mostly predictable ways. The NAACP, born and bred in the briar patch of conventional politics, has regained prestige. SNCC and CORE, the youngest and most radical advocates of direct-action—once, with Martin Luther King's SCLC, the most idealistic element in the South—have fallen on lean days. SCLC has shown itself quite skillful at voter registration and political organization—which is perhaps not so surprising when one remembers that its use of direct-action was always keyed to national politics rather than to those local problems which usually consumed the energy and anger of SNCC and CORE.

Direct-action has not ceased; it has become more sophisticated. The old rituals of innocence are still carried out in the beautiful little churches where, in an age of unbelief, people sing and pray their belief. But now direct-action or the mere threat of it is tied to voting strength. There has also been some probing of the possibility of work in self-help, community organization, cooperatives and the like; the agony of poverty in the South is so great. But the largest effort has been in voter registration.

Registration between August, 1965, when the Voting Rights Act went into effect, and early spring 1966 climbed from 44% to 49.4% of the Negro voting potential in the South. In Alabama and Mississippi, where repression had been heaviest, there was a dramatic climb from 23.6 to 48.9% and from 6.7 to 27.8% respectively.

Skeptics said Negroes would not register, even with the new law's destruction of all the old procedural blocks. But register they did, and often in the face of threats, violence, and economic intimidation.

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With southern politicians courting these new voters, it became possible to think a transitional time had come already, of white-Negro support for moderate white candidates for statewide and congressional offices, and for election of Negroes to county offices and state legislative posts. One could then envisage—with race eliminated as the single powerful issue of southern campaigns—that great day of the old Populist dream when the poor people of both races would begin to vote together (probably without even meaning to) for men who would address themselves to the real problems of the South. These are social and economic problems, summed up in the fact that the South is the poorest section of America.

This was the most hopeful outlook, and even so, it was taken with awareness that a race against time was involved, a calculated risk. The conditions which have spawned the anguished outbursts of fury from Negroes in the North are as nothing to the poverty, the economic hopelessness and misery of the majority of Negro Southerners; this includes those of the countryside who are cut off now, with their white counterparts—by automation and federal agricultural policies—from even the agony of sharecropper existence. During direct-action, hope in metaphorical flashes—freedom now—sustained these people. Since then, many have put their hope in politics. But the race riots that southern police chiefs begin to feel coming in their bones every spring, that James Baldwin was predicting calmly in 1959, could erupt in nearly any southern city at any time, or in the countryside where armed self-defense units of Negroes face, across a no-man's land of collapsed law enforcement, terrorist whites. Congress, meanwhile, was expected this year to enact the beginnings of that other desperately-needed procedural reform for the South, in law enforcement and in the administration of justice. The ballot and the jury, bedrocks of self-government—would they be fully grasped in time?

A part of the movement in the past year has acted on the assumption that they would. Another part seemed to say that even if they should, it would be in no better, no more hopeful a way than in the rest of America where the mindless fury of the ghetto riots seethes on, unattended.

Alabama illustrates the situation of the movement in the South. There, the hopeful elements marshalled the hopeful new Negro votes for Richmond Flowers, the only candidate in the recent history of that sad state to dare openly to ask for the Negro vote and support Negro aspirations. The political arm of SCLC and the main statewide political Negro organization, dominated by NAACP people, supported him, as did most Negro leaders. This occurred despite a plea that Carl Elliott

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was just as sympathetic, but was being quiet so as not to lose white support. Thus, Alabama Negroes served notice that they would support politicians with guts enough to support them openly. This was one of the first, important contributions of the new Negro voting strength to southern political life. It proved what the white South has never learned —that, as Gunnar Myrdal writes, "political actions, which for the moment amount to little more than demonstrations and which may actually cause a reaction in the individual case, in the long view may have been tremendously important as powerful stimuli to progressive thinking."

Governor Wallace's victory, won despite white Alabama's normal inclination to keep women as well as niggers in their place, was more than an underscoring of the hold of the worst white racism in that worst of all southern states. It was also a sign to other wavering states that racism might not be a dead issue after all. Perceptible changes for the worse in the tone of gubernatorial campaigning followed almost immediately in Georgia and Florida, and the candidacy of Ross Barnett in Mississippi was surely encouraged. Only in Tennessee, with both candidates acceptable to Negroes and one of them, John J. Hooker, talking a kind of neo-Populism (perhaps pop-Populism), did gubernatorial politics live up to expectations.

SNCC opposed the Flowers strategy. It told the Negroes to forget statewide politics, to concentrate on those counties where a Negro majority could elect an all-black government. This SNCC strategy on local races prevailed only in Lowndes County. There an all-black Black Panther slate will oppose white Democrats in the general election. In other counties the NAACP, SCLC, and local leadership supported and the people voted for biracial slates; twenty-three Negroes received enough votes to get into the run-off for important posts—sheriff, county commission, legislature. There were complaints by Negroes and requests for court action in several counties over legality of the vote count. But in other counties, where the count was considered impeccable, some whites won over Negroes despite a Negro voter majority. This was attributed to a combination of fear, confusion, and genuine conviction that the white candidate was better qualified—the latter a mark of political maturity achieved by few whites anywhere in the South.

The SNCC strategy was rejected, then, in Alabama, as it had already been in Mississippi with the virtual demise of the once powerful Freedom Democratic Party. But the Wallace victory, so overwhelming a statement of white racism and irresponsibility, was what SNCC had predicted. "It proved everything we've been saying," a SNCC man fairly chortled. Perhaps not altogether by chance, SNCC announced a few

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weeks later the first major turnover in its officialdom since the early days of direct action, with strong advocates of the black-party strategy emerging in control. Stokely Carmichael, organizer of the Black Panther Party in Lowndes County, Alabama, was named new SNCC chairman. There was tentative talk that black-party organizational efforts would be made by SNCC in all Southern areas where Negro majorities are possible, and in northern and southern cities where Negro political control seems likely or Negro problems are pressing. Atlanta, New York, Chicago, Watts, and Cleveland were mentioned.

The move into the North, if it comes off, would be the first of any significance by SNCC. The program sounded as ambitious as SNCC of old; and of late, SNCC has not even been talking big. Its activities had been reduced mainly to the Lowndes County operation, to its different-styled, more sophisticated project in the Arkansas Delta, to its vastly curtailed Mississippi project which centers on self-help efforts, and to such attempts as the Atlanta project (which sometimes seems mainly like an operation SNCC used to accuse everybody else of—moving in on a going activity for the sake of publicity).

CORE, with its main southern bases still in Louisiana and Florida, has been hampered by lack of funds and the difficulty of adjusting to the new context of southern protest. Its spokesmen have endorsed the black-party concept where feasible, but have also showed a willingness to work within normal party frameworks where feasible. As always, the NAACP covers more territory, and SCLC has done more in the way of local community organization work in the past year than ever before.

Akin to SNCC's black-party strategy is its move toward an all-black worker position. This began two years ago with its announcement that whites were welcome as workers, but the leaders had to be black. In recent months whites have been excluded from any organizational work in Negro communities. They could stay on in other capacities, but few have. The rationale was set out recently in a series of essays (white-black papers?) circulated in SNCC circles. One reads these with occasional pangs of almost the same pity and regret that it is possible to feel while reading the equally ingenuous, equally unpersuasive rationalizations of certain old intellectuals defending southern white supremacy. At their worst, these papers set up an exclusiveness of cultural superficialities, reasoning that, because a white might be unable to relate to the music or the religion or the magic grease-soul food, pig knuckles and hog snouts, he is incapable of the new, not fully learned art of organizing the Negro poor in behalf of their own self-interests. At best, these essays describe the need for Negro self-identity, self-respect and political

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consciousness which must develop independently of the best-intentioned white help. A CORE spokesman, discussing a similar exclusion of white student volunteers, said it better than the SNCC papers. Such a policy, he said, does risk black nationalism, but calculatedly, on pressing need. He cited the sad spectacle of an old Negro man saying of a white college stripling, "He's like a daddy to me."

SNCC is no longer fooling with the white college volunteers, nor CORE to any extent, though it is apparently willing to consider individual cases. SCLC, which had more than 1,000 of them down last year, would not have many this year because of organizational rather than racial problems; and the NAACP, which has not had much success with them, is not likely to bring them in wholesale. In a movement which has always been somewhat crippled by its inability to attract the best educated Negro Southerners (neither students nor teachers), this seems a shame. It also seems to fly against the advice of an old SNCC saint (perhaps now old hat), C. Wright Mills, who said to look for the young intellectuals, not the poor people, as the vehicles for revolutionary change. SNCC maintains that its rapport with the rest of the "new left" has not been hurt by its whites-get-back policy, that the "new left" understands this and sympathizes with it, which is probably true.

The main message in the SNCC papers and its new departures from the mainstream of the movement is that it is through working with whites and white institutions toward integration. It will work with black people to develop political and economic power, with no apparent goal beyond making them less vulnerable in what it considers a racist society. Integration, its new chairman says, is irrelevant. If whites want it, let them work toward it with their own people. What SNCC wants is power.

The fact that SNCC bothers to deny that its new stance is black nationalism or racism is important. Like the old witch-hunt worry about SNCC's attitudes regarding international Communism, the question of racism has to be approached in terms of its individual members and in terms of the real questions, not hysteria—questions of respect for the individual and for human freedom. Like, which side are you on, man?

Meanwhile, assuming that SNCC might be even partially successful in developing black parties in all the locales where black majorities exist, how much power would this be? There are only 80 such counties in all the eleven states of the South. There are two such congressional districts—a limited power-base in terms of electing candidates.

But there are other aspects to the situation. Negroes needed only about 73,000 more votes to put Mrs. Wallace into a run-off (and in the get-to-win context of southern politics, that might have been enough to

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shake her husband out of power, certainly enough to diminish the lethal fall-out of racism over the rest of the South). Negroes will likely have that many more votes the next time in Alabama. But will they all be willing to back a Flowers-type candidate? So far, the registration is generally considered to be largely middle-class. This is almost by definition, since the Negro middle class in the South (where normal roads to affluence have been blocked to Negroes) is largely a matter of standards and aspiration, not economics. Traditionally, these middle-class voters would be expected to follow the NAACP and even SCLC over SNCC. The next 25%, however, will be largely from the lower class, and it is they to whom the black-party appeal is chiefly directed. Their plight is desperate enough now; who can say what their political inclination might be if there should descend on the South another four years of dark-age racist oppression similar to the late 1950's, or a failure to really reform southern justice? These peculiarly southern problems, along with such national ones as the inability of the poverty program to catch hold (like those old machines we used to put nickels in and then try to pick up a gleaming camera with clumsy steel jaws), unemployment, automation, and the ever-present, growing unstructured racial hostility —all these, unless solved, will encourage black-party politics.

It has been common to ascribe to SNCC and related radicals a role of essential powerlessness in the developing new southern political arena —a gadfly role, pushing the center from far-leftist positions, a kind of push long needed in the South, if for nothing else, to counteract the far right. But this assumes a center to push, and that, in terms of the white vote, was precisely what was lacking in Alabama. And SNCC—if it can reassert or regain its old knack for putting bodies where truth is—may, by taking away just enough Negro votes to block centrist government in other states, force the South and the nation to deal with the problem of white racist majorities wherever these exist. Goldwater's vote pinpointed where they existed in 1964; he carried Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana. In five other states Goldwater would have won, had it not been for the Negro vote—leaving only his home state of Texas, where President Johnson carried a clear majority of white votes. The best guess is that the normal channels, the regular parties, will for the immediate future answer the needs or at least maintain the attention of the Negro South. Their voting totals keep building; and the mainstream of the movement and presumably most of its followers are willing at least to give the newly-come democracy in the South, such as it is, a chance to work along conventional lines.

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In many ways, the South, with its poverty, its race problem, its emerging democracy, reflects—in Americanized configurations—America's difficulties around the globe. If democracy can be made to work in the solution of these two historical problems in the South, we will have something to tell the world about. SNCC, skulking in an essentially hopeless strategy (outside a few specialized locales), is for all practical purposes lost to this larger effort. How did it happen? What, for example, became of "black and white together"? One thing that came of it, when it was practiced so beautifully by the young radicals of SNCC and CORE only two years ago, was murder and all the southern anger. All of the movement will always feel that in those desperate five years from 1960 on, the federal government failed in its duty to protect the field workers. To bemoan the passing from SNCC of "black and white together" is like bemoaning the abandonment (in all but lip service) by Negro Southerners of their beautiful, heartbreaking belief (it was there for a time) in nonviolent redemptive love. The old innocent ways were destroyed not merely by racism but by the inability of the American culture to take really seriously such profound, such intense religious and political idealism as the Negro South, led by the youthful radicals and the older radicals of SCLC, offered for a brief time toward the healing of hurt and guilt in America. If occasionally hate with the smell so long familiar to Southerners speaks out aloud in the young radical deliberations, far more often it is disappointment, hurt, and despair.

When you ask them about it, they always go back to Atlantic City. There, they asked the morally perfect but politically impossible of the Democratic Convention, the ousting and humiliation of the white racist Mississippi regular party. No one had a kind word for SNCC then; everybody was indignant when they refused what was really in their terms an insulting compromise. They had put their lives on the line when most of us wouldn't even put our livelihoods, but we presumed to lecture them on the realities of politics, the give-and-take of this democracy business they and their followers had suffered for so. One has to read back over two years of their weekly reports to know the extent and existential quality of what they and the powerless Negro people suffered in the name of democracy, getting the vote. And one has to read the clippings over, too, about Atlantic City for the startling sudden recognitions—the hurriedly called Johnson press conference that interrupted the televised testimony of Mississippi Negroes before the Credentials Committee, the capture of liberals, the division of their forces. And over it all, hovering, the really obscene thing the Republican Party had done to the nation: the closing of alternatives.

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The Wallace victory was surely a shot from the dark of the past. The Democratic primary victory of the moderate Robert King High over Governor Haydon Burns, who reverted to racist form in the run-off campaign, fit the new hopeful pattern. Surely it is more typical than Alabama. The work goes on with that assumption—voter registration, community organization, political action, self-help enterprises. But the movement is a tiny, mainly symbolic task force in the South; it is not nearly large enough, for example, to do what every student of the situation eventually comes to see is needed—a kind of patient, caring, self-help, organizational work that aims at individuals over years of time. The future of the mainstream of the movement is wedded now to politics, and politics must provide the sources for such work as a real poverty program, just as politics must provide a leadership that will sound the economic issues, the other real issues. Thus the whole South might escape at last the racist paranoia. This is possible; it is, so to speak, in the numbers of new Negro registration; too much of magic revitalization of democratic institutions has come out of the South in the past five years, out of the movement's leadership, for us to fear now that democracy will provide nothing better down here than it has in Watts.

But it's not a certainty. SNCC thinks otherwise. We need to have the humility to try to understand why, and to study how to keep from losing any more of the movement, and of its followers in the South.

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THE DRAFT: REFLECTIONS & OPINIONS

1. Why the University Should Withhold Ranks

David Bakan

The issue which has been raised by the students in asking that ranks should be withheld is one which is involved in a tangle with other issues. Among these are the issues of the rightness of student deferment altogether, the rightness of the war in Vietnam, and who is the "boss" among students, faculty and administration. Recognizing that these issues are involved (the last one, in my opinion, not the most seemly for a great university such as the University of Chicago), I would like to deal principally with one: Should the University of Chicago compute rank in class and submit such information to draft boards even if the student gives his consent? I think that it should not.

It is worth recalling that the very act by Congress which created student deferments was informed by the sense of the value of the educational enterprise to the national welfare. When the Selective Service Administration coopts the educational enterprise in helping it to make its particular decisions on individual registrants it injures that which it is trying to protect.

There is a growing general sentiment among educators that excessive significance being given to grades cheapens and degrades the values of a liberal education. The current actions by the Selective Service Administration have only served to exacerbate the emphasis on grades. As someone has put it, if the student cannot understand a poem by Keats the chance of his being drafted is increased. We may expect a growing trend toward shopping for easy courses, and a flocking to teachers who are reputed to be easy graders. Some have thought that, with the reorganization of the College, something ought to be done whereby grades become less important; but this will be blocked by the necessity of providing detailed grade information to draft boards. The morally agonized student will be less motivated to do well on examinations knowing that his good grade will depress someone else's grade. Students who might want to disagree with a professor's interpretation of what Socrates might have meant will refrain from doing so because of fear of alienating that professor. Professors, who are profoundly aware of the limited reliability and validity of grades, will consider not only the merits of the student but his draft status in making a decision between a C-plus and a B-minus. Their educational decisions will be clouded by the moral agony that properly belongs to the draft boards.

Conscientious members of draft boards—and we can presume that most of them are—have the burden of mak-

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ing decisions in the face of intrinsically unresolvable dilemmas. Being a member of a draft board is very much like being a captain of a life-boat that has too many people in it. Somebody has to go, and there are hardly any satisfactory criteria available to human beings to make decisions like this. As a result, the Selective Service Administration desires, hungers, even lusts for criteria which appear to them as "objective." At the moment they have been reaching for grades and rank in class as presumably "objective" criteria. Even if grading were really reliable and valid for educational aims—the limits of which every teacher is painfully aware—it is certainly quite irrelevant to whether a student should or should not be a member of the Armed Forces! And it is our duty to make this clear in every way that we can to those who determine Selective Service policy. It is our duty as teachers to teach them as well.

Many teachers have sat in on committees in which applications to graduate and undergraduate programs have been reviewed. All of us are fully aware of the qualifications that we bring to bear in reviewing grade information of any kind. We, as experts, know that the evaluation of this kind of information has to be done very carefully. We certainly cannot expect members of draft boards to evaluate these records with even remotely similar qualification. When we evaluate a grade record it is often with some knowledge of the school from which the applicant comes. But we cannot expect a draft board member to know what the level of academic expectation is of a school from which he will be receiving rank-in-class information.

In recent days the terms "coercion" and "freedom" have been rather freely used. It is indeed true that coercion spawns coercion. And it is indeed true that free discussion cannot take place in an atmosphere of coercion. The University should recognize that it is precisely the coercive presence of the Selective Service Administration in the University which should be barred. Unless we can effectively remove the coercive presence of the Selective Service System from our relations with our students, all of the liberal values which we are interested in defending will be undermined in the University itself.

(Indeed, if I may depart for a moment to consider the war in Vietnam which has led to all of this, it is precisely our use of coercion in contrast with negotiation which many people in the United States have perceived as the major issue in Vietnam. And what we are feeling in the colleges and universities is exactly the result of our coercive role in international affairs.)

If we give detailed grade information to the Selective Service Board at the request of the student, we are hardly allowing "freedom" to the student in any usual sense. We are, rather, relinquishing him to the coercion which is an intrinsic feature of Selective Service. A student who does not grant this permission is immediately subject to being regarded as a "draft delinquent," uncooperative with his draft board. On the other hand, if we refuse to give this information to the Selective Service Boards, at the very least the onus of "draft delinquency" is not upon the student. And our argument, that it interferes with the educational enterprise, is far more telling

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than any argument to be made by any individual student.

One argument which has been made is that since whatever subversion of the educational enterprise that may be done is already done when transcripts are required by draft boards, there is little additional damage to be done by giving rank in class. The argument is made that we cannot *legally* withhold transcripts. I think that we ought to do all that we can to persuade the authorities not to ask for transcripts. But under any circumstances, the legal question of computing rank in class for *men* for the sake of the Selective Service Administration is of quite another order. (As one person has said, it would make as much educational sense to rank all left-handed students.) The fact is that there is no valid *educational* reason for ranking male students. To do so is only for the purposes of the Selective Service Administration. To do so is also to exaggerate the student-to-student competitiveness, which many regard as injurious to learning.

Grades have certain customary and ordinary uses, as indeed, all professional records do. A psychiatrist's records are, in some sense, the property of the patient; and yet, the opinion of all men of good sense would be that they should not be freely opened to the patient. The dean of students keeps many records on individual students, and yet one would not claim that all of the student's records must be opened on demand; or, that on the student's request they should be given to anyone that he requests that they be given. Thus, the argument that the grades are the student's property, to be used in any way that he demands, cannot be defended. (And there is a real quandary when hundreds of students demand that *their* records shall not be used for the construction of a ranking of males for the benefit of the Selective Service Administration.) But the fact remains that this particular use of the grade information is an *extraordinary* use.

The following question has not yet arisen, but we should be prepared for it. What if the Selective Service Administration should ask for attendance records? We have a historical tradition against taking attendance. We believe that the student should be free to take advantage of opportunities. But there is a growing abuse over the nation of students registering at colleges in order to maintain a student deferment, and not going to classes, and showing up at examination time. If this becomes really widespread, the Selective Service Administration might well move to ask *also* whether the student has been going to class conscientiously. If we defer to the Selective Service Administration in giving rank in class, would we not also find ourselves in an awkward position when *another extraordinary* practice is asked of us? Let us hope that this is purely hypothetical.

The Selective Service System as we have it now is not exhaustive of all possibilities. The use of a lottery combined with a national service requirement is a viable alternative which, at the very least, would remove the gross deficiencies of the present system.

Let me conclude by saying that there is a great tradition in the United States against government interference in education. This tradition is based

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on the recognition of the value to society of really free educational institutions. At the moment the colleges and universities of this country are being drawn into becoming agents of a government agency. Nor is this just an ordinary government agency. It is an agency which least expresses our democratic beliefs. The Selective Service System is hardly to be considered integral to our total democratic society. It is an undemocratic institution which we sadly tolerate for the sake of the larger good. Thus that which so deeply expresses our democratic beliefs, the University, is being drawn in to serve directly one of the least democratic agencies in our political life, the Selective Service Administration. It is my deep conviction that we should resist this with all of the resources at our disposal.

2. What Is the Responsibility of the Professor?

Robert L. Hoffman

John R. Seeley's arguments about professors and the draft [DISSENT, May-June 1966] are compelling. Yet I think that further reflection must lead to conclusions different from his about what the professor should do.

Seeley's basic belief here is that "we are all implicated in moral responsibility for what the state of which we are citizens does or doesn't do," no matter how remote we may be from morally significant acts of the state. (I assume most DISSENT readers will agree with him.) By issuing student grades which draft boards then use, professors become part of the process of selecting young men to kill and be killed in Vietnam. Thereby the professor plays a role in the students' lives which is inappropriate in any case, and should be especially heinous if he objects to the present war or to conscription.

Suppose, then, the professor refuses to participate in the selection process, by not reporting grades to his registrar or by giving high grades to all male students? Has he really accomplished anything? If his actions actually have a significant effect on the selection process, it is to help win deferment for students who would have been drafted had he reported the lower grades he would ordinarily have assigned to them.

But *n* young men are to be drafted in any case. If the professor has saved some, then others will be drafted who would not have been, had he reported the lower grades. Thus, *whatever he does,* the professor in reality contributes to the selection of men for the field of slaughter.

It will be argued that at least the professor has gained a modest moral advantage by refusing to let his participation be a voluntary one. This is true; but isn't this outweighed by the negative effects of his action? He has, in the first place, interfered in the lives of other students who want the

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draft deferment system to work in the intended manner, possibly relying on the high grades he would have reported for them, but has not.

Moreover, unfortunately the grading system is *not,* as Seeley says it is, primarily a means of evaluating the student for his own information. It is a basis for others to make decisions with respect to the student—not only draft deferment, but also scholarships, degree awarding, employment, graduate school admission, and so on *ad nauseam.* Thus, in trying to gain the personal solace of making his participation in draftee selection involuntary, the professor causes for his students serious negative effects which have nothing to do with the draft and war. I think this too high a price for our personal solace.

Another course offers itself: professors—and students—can try to induce their university to refuse to report any grades to any draft board, an effort already made in many places. The attempt is most unlikely to succeed, but what if it did? Objections made above must be repeated. If some students are saved from the draft, then young men elsewhere will be drafted in their place; the university has seemingly dissociated itself from the conscription system without really doing so. Then there are still those of the university's students who want the Selective Service System to operate as intended; they have been wantonly denied.

Should the professor then withdraw from teaching altogether until there is no longer a chance of students being drafted? If he does, what about the taxes he pays this government which drafts young men to fight in an immoral war? The ex-professor, if he is to refuse payment, must find employment where taxes are not withheld from his salary . . . And if he pays none or only part of his taxes he is also refusing his social responsibility to support other, "good" government programs.

If he makes these attempts at withdrawal from collective moral responsibility, then he must make another and another, gathering only little scraps of solace at great cost in anti-social "side-effects." With each withdrawal he must recognize other points from which he must pull back. It is a painful road and one that does not lead to purification.

The only way to escape collective responsibility for immoral acts of the state is to exile yourself from the society altogether. ("Internal exile" will do, if you can avoid paying taxes, obeying laws and all that.) I consider such a deliberate exile the ultimate in social immorality. One can and must do whatever one can to make the society less immoral and remain *in* the society to do this, however difficult the task. Therefore, devote your energies to ending the war, abolishing the draft, or whatever you will, instead of attempting to gain absolution through dissociation.

If Professor Seeley wants to argue that professors should refuse to report grades as part of an attack on student deferments, claiming that exempting students from the slaughter is immoral, I might be more inclined to agree. But that is another debate.

In our next issue:

David Spitz—

THE PROBLEM OF TOLERANCE

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Günter Grass

Excerpt from a new Play

THE PLEBEIANS REHEARSE THE UPRISING*

East Berlin, June 17, 1953: The workers' uprising is seething in the streets; on stage, the "Boss"—artist and man of the theatre, a figure clearly modeled on Bertold Brecht—is rehearsing his new production of Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

At the close of this scene, a delegation of the rebelling workers enters to ask the Boss for his support. He hesitates, clings to the stage and the problems of interpreting Coriolanus and Rome's plebeians—he doubts his countrymen's passion and ability and foresees the failure of the revolution. When, finally, he joins in, the uprising is already collapsing, smashed by the Russian tanks.

(The rehearsal begins. The actress who is to play Volumnia enters, passing through the group of Plebeians. She is wearing a spring overcoat)

RUFUS: "Before we proceed any further, hear me speak."

FLAVUS: "Speak, speak."

BOSS: Is this a railroad station?

VOLUMNIA: What? Rehearsing?

PODULLA: Want me to stop?

ERWIN: Yes, stop the tape.

BOSS: No, let it run.

VOLUMNIA (*turns off tape recorder*): I do not wish to speak on tape. (*to the Boss*) Well? Isn't it going as if by plan? And it began spontaneously, without plan.

• From *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising*, by Günter Grass; translated by Ralph Manheim. Copyright © 1966 by Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., and Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. To be published this fall.

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Boss: You mean the play, Scene One?

VOLUMNIA: I'm speaking of the uprising, do you hear, the people!

Boss: And so am I. Look, here we are in Rome.
The people are rising up like amateurs . . .
But mother of our hero Coriolanus,
This scene, respected friend, is not
What's being rehearsed today.

VOLUMNIA: Then I'm disturbing you?

Boss: That's right, disturbing.

VOLUMNIA: But suppose the disturbances increase,
Suppose they rut and buck and whelp
Till one becomes a thousand.
Suppose we're not in Rome today
Or in King James's London,
But in Berlin, and half the city—
The eastern half, I mean, our people—
Suppose all East Berlin should come disturbing,
Hissing, demanding,
And shut your theater down.

Boss: That smacks of Puritans;
But since, as you yourself just said,
This isn't Shakespeare's London—
Poor Shakespeare! Taking plague as a pretext,
They often shut him down—
My theater will stay open.
At worst we'll have some broken window panes.

VOLUMNIA: I've never been afraid. This time I am.
Down there the people's rage is boiling over
And here we're stirring up theater dust . . .

Boss: Oh unrehearsed incompetence!

VOLUMNIA: The people have risen.

Boss: Yes, yes, I know. Spontaneously!

VOLUMNIA: They're serious.

Boss: If only that were true!

VOLUMNIA: They've got accounts to settle.

Boss: I'll help them count.

VOLUMNIA: They'll hang us all, you, him and me
From the gallery. To them we're bigshots.

Boss: I'll teach them the classic way to tie a slip knot.

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VOLUMNIA: Your skin has grown as thick as ox's hide.

BOSS: Would you rather I had gooseflesh?

VOLUMNIA: Like a broad river flow the angry masses,
Plowing the streets and shrinking tight the squares.
I saw them coming.

BOSS: Good. Tell us all about it.

VOLUMNIA: I saw wide-gaping mouths and whites of eyes.
The asphalt softened and the granite cracked.
I saw the skin on knuckles bursting. Blood.
A smell to curdle all the milk in the world.
Saw dust rise up in columns and screams congealed.
Maggots thought dead woke crawling in the meat.
Great palaces fell crumbling to their knees,
And fury struck with monumental fists.
They stormed the stairway. A baby carriage . . .

BOSS (*to Erwin*): She's been at the movies, seeing Eisenstein.

VOLUMNIA: . . . and placards waved above their heads,
and on them cried in bold hoarse lettering:
FOR PROPERTY.
FOR THE EXPROPRIATION OF THE OTHERS.
FOR THE NATURAL DISORDER OF THINGS.
FOR . . .

BOSS: You've borrowed that from me. Every last word.
You always seem to find the right quotations.
One night I heard you dream quotations in
Your sleep. Please, comrade. Be yourself.

VOLUMNIA: You won't believe me.

BOSS: Every word's rehearsed.

VOLUMNIA: All right. Be wily. Get on with your rehearsal.
Before the day is out the masons will
Be here and wall you up with bricks and mortar.

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Keith Botsford

REVOLUTION AND COUNTER-REVOLUTION: OR, VENEZUELA REVISITED

When I first wrote a review-article for DISSENT on Venezuela,* I advanced the idea that the Betancourt "democratic" revolution, which enjoyed enthusiastic U.S. support, was really the beginning of a genuine "counter-revolutionary" movement in Latin America. I took it that what the Alliance for Progress offered as an alternative to the Castro revolution was a determined effort to transform the social, economic and political structures of a nation, without passing through a violent upheaval or getting involved in the Cold War; rather like having your cake and eating it.

The editors of DISSENT said the use of the term "counter-revolution" in this context was "confusing." They asked me to recast the piece. And I have tried, many times. The last time, dizzy with the two vital words, I stopped at about the fifth page with this desperate note to myself: "Now not even I know what I mean by "revolution" and "counter-revolution."

And there, in a nutshell, is the problem: a matter of definition. Often, if not always, the way to get around jargon and difficult definitions is to be very personal. Being personal also helps clarity. After all, no one knows about *all* the political gradations in Latin America, and I may know less than most. My only qualifications, in fact, are that I have seen most of them at first-hand, and have, by a hybridism of blood, being half-Latin, a kind of empathy with life below the Rio Grande.

II

I would start by pointing out that to the South of us political experiment has been going on at a prodigious rate. Central and South America is a big laboratory in modern politics. One might expect this where, as in Africa, the formation of new states, without indigenous political traditions, encourages the search for utopia in a vacuum. One

* *On the Venezuelan Democratic Revolution: A Profile of Rómulo Betancourt*, by Robert J. Alexander. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 345 pp. $9.00.

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might expect the leaders of the African states, with their diverse populations, small countries, rudimentary economies, and fractional élites, to shop around.

But Latin America is as old as we are, and its nations came to national consciousness not long after we did. Their social and cultural unity is considerable and their political destinies have been a matter of concern to them since the days of the Liberation. To us, alas! only recently. In speech, religion, education, culture, manners, the similarities among them are greater than the differences, which are mostly ethnic (separating the "Indian" countries along the Western littoral and in Central America from the "white" European triangle in the South, and both from the more "Negro" Brazil and the mixed populations of the Carribean complex, including Venezuela) or economic (dividing the relatively industrialized, such as Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Mexico and Venezuela from the more backward economies).

Yet Latin America shows a bewildering variety of political systems. A variety which we, in our perpetual desire to find an "image" for what we don't understand, have reduced to a most elementary schema: on one side, military juntas and moustachioed officers, corrupt dictators, hidden behind sun-glasses, wild revolutionaries, and on the other, the "good guys"—among which, obviously, our "democratic revolutionaries."

Consider the true range, however. Demagogic and sentimental dictatorships such as Perón's; thugs—Somoza, Batista, and Venezuela's Perez Jimenez; Getulio Vargas' corporate *dirigisme*, with its foundations in Brazil's adopted philosopher Auguste Comte and its model, at least partly, in Mussolini's Italy. Then, among the military "régimes," the present-day Brazilian junta's save-the-country-for-democracy cautious, semi-scrupulous custody of that nation's political institutions; Ecuador's quasi-technocratic officers' corps; Guatemala's and Honduras' bandying-about of power between rival groups within the armed forces; the division within the Dominican Republic between "progressives" and "die-hards." Or, among elected democracies, the various "formulas" to provide the one precious ingredient that democracy has always lacked in Latin America—stability—ranging from Uruguay's oligarchy to Colombia's system of alternating the executive power between the two major parties; from the attempt to forge broad, popular-based "movements," such as Muñoz Marin's *Populares* in Puerto Rico, Betancourt's *Acción Democratica* in Venezuela, or Belaunde Terry's in Peru, to the extremely promising development of basically "leftist," socially-oriented Christian Democratic parties such as Frei's in Chile and its rudimentary beginnings in other countries. Or finally, the two "authentic" revolutions, the

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Mexican and the Cuban, with their totally opposed developments, the first becoming a political system in which one party detains all the power and yet resolves all conflicts (with some, if a limited, democracy) within itself; the second seeking to open up some "original" brand of the classic Communist society.

I was constantly forced to ask myself why a continent that started out with a far more homogeneous culture and political ideal than we did in the United States should be forced to seek so many different solutions for what are, in simplified form, the same social, political, and economic problems.

And here is one of the areas in which we least understand our neighbors. When I say "we," I mean, of course, the U.S. Establishment, headed, in respect to Latin America, by what is probably the least promising team ever assembled. "We" think that these various political formulae are not a "search" for a viable system of government, but simply a reflection of an innate inability to govern at all, to which there are certain notable exceptions: those, for instance, who most closely resemble us, or most readily accept our lead in hemispheric affairs. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even the most histrionic military junta is an assault on the problem of politics in Latin America, and what this maze of systems should teach us is that it is not the *form* of government that defines societies in Latin America, but the *substance.*

III

First, some questions of context.

A) *The basic context:* poverty, poorly articulated economies, backward societies, populations unabsorbed into the life of the nation, population explosions, illiteracy, malnutrition and disease, deficit budgets, faulty balances of payments, undiversified crops and industries, economic dependence on foreign capital, latifundiary or minifundiary agriculture, obsolescent cadres, overdeveloped military establishments. *Problem:* Do you attempt to solve these questions *before* or *after* devising a politics?

B) Under the conditions described in A), *who is involved in politics in Latin America?* Obviously, a very limited number of people, derived, in general, from the Establishments. The Establishment is those who have escaped from that morass: broadly speaking, the élites, educated, economically independent, professionally trained and both emotionally and intellectually aware of politics in the larger sense. And under this (10 percent would be a rough guess) relatively small group, a diverse mass, in varying states of disaffection (which is already a beginning of political consciousness) or totally unconnected to politics at

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all. *Problem:* How to get the 10 percent to participate more intelligently, and the 90 percent to participate, period?

C) What does "politics" mean? Generally, it is synonymous with the person, the group, the movement that holds power at any particular moment, and hence usually irrespective of the desires or needs of the citizens. *Problem:* To distinguish "power" from government. Particularly as "power" in Latin America has often meant simply power to exercise personal authority and for personal profit; easy enough when the group of the politically-conscious is so small and the mass of the inert so great, when there are no fundamental "pressure-groups" sufficiently institutionalized or coherent to resist. *Problem:* How to create a political and economical infra-structure sufficient to resist the abuse of "power"?

D) Even supposing power to be used on behalf of the nation, what guarantees exist that it will continue to be so used, once acquired? Particularly in Latin America where the active society is small. The mass accepts direction and the élites always find their niche. Alternatives seldom exist, and governments (and leaders) exert more power than they ought to simply because no one else will. *Problem:* How to create support in the nation for consistent and *effective* power?

E) To what extent are the nations of Latin America nations at all? An important question, considering that the days have not passed when Chile and Argentina can quarrel over a few acres of pasture in the Andes —the ridiculous end of the scale—and, more sublimely, Mexicans, Brazilians, and Cubans, among others, can propose to define their ideologies as "National," to the exclusion, almost of all the more difficult questions. *Problem:* To what extent does real sovereignty exist, and how much should it be restricted by common problems and needs?

F) If "liberty" is desirable, what does this word mean in Latin America? Latin-American élites claim that what we mean by individual liberty is a luxury for them and exists in the more advanced democracies because economic and social liberty has preceded political and individual liberty. The masses, they claim, have bread, not liberty; and anyone who has spent any time in Latin America recognizes that there are vast masses of people to whom the word "rights" means little or nothing. *Problem:* Can a government defend individual liberty where there is no desire for such liberty, no expectation of obtaining it?

G) What is the political tradition in Latin America? Either government by force or, in many countries, the attempt to define a constitution. The worst nations have the most model documents. The moderately good ones are constantly suspended, amended, or disregarded.

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Problem: How to get around the disillusionment of History itself, the record of failure?

H) To what degree are the various solutions proposed relevant to their societies? Here again, not much hope, and generally less so with each turn of the wheel. Latin America, like ourselves, and perhaps every nation since Andorra and Monaco, has become a factor in the international pattern of power. Native ideology supinely reflects international ideology. Exceptions: the form of *indigenismo,* or racial consciousness, usually by or on behalf of the Indian, elaborated by Mexico, and later rather woolily by Haya de la Torre; the facile verbiage of "self-determination" and "non-intervention" used to conceal basic anti-Americanism, and indigenous economic ideologies such as "state monopolies" and hybrid "nationalization." These exceptions have traces of originality, but few of relevance. *Problem:* How make ideology relevant?

I) What rôle does the concept of "revolution" play in Latin America? Obviously, a dominant one. Every country in Latin America, with the possible exception of Paraguay and Haiti, has had its periods of "democracy"; these haven't become a Way of Life, and revolutions of one form or another remain the traditional means of access to power in at least two-thirds of Latin America: But the word has more powerful connotations: it has come to mean a change in the basic structures, a break with history, and hence a means to escape the long record of failure. Its outcome is always indecisive, sometimes for more than a generation. It contains, therefore, the essential ingredients of a "happening," to many, the vague hope of a beginning anew, a *tabula rasa* followed by an Unknown Quantity. *Problem:* Is "revolution" in this sense, the best means of effecting a radical transformation? Can the word be upgraded to include more than a change in the ownership of power?

IV

To these problems, the Betancourt régime gave these answers:

A) Betancourt never resolved the question of priority between "problem-solving" or political form; he held, quite rightly, that one did a bit of both, because the two were intimately linked. As a young man, he would have tried to create forms of political action to resolve national problems, but nothing changes a man like responsibility, and when Betancourt assumed office he found the problems to be so overpowering that defining the nature of his government had to wait.

B) Participation. Betancourt came to power, after the overthrow of Perez Jimenez, on a basis of mass support expressed through trade and agricultural unions. If the masses, Betancourt (and others) reasoned, could be brought into contact with the political process at this lowest

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level, that which affected their own working conditions and material well-being, they might be led, by stages, to higher spheres. In short: put down organizational roots, tie them to *local* situations, and local power structures will support the national structure.

C) To distinguish personal power from government, Betancourt insisted on due constitutional process, and non-re-election. In short, he borrowed the Mexican PRI's motto: "effective suffrage, no re-election." His main object was to survive his term of office and to hand on power to a legally-elected successor, Leoni: which he did. He sought and obtained the presidency in open elections; his régime is notorious, in Latin America, for being honest. He retired from office with what he brought with him: practically nothing.

D) How to create support for *effective* power? Betancourt thought it was a matter of effective action; effective action and, perhaps, visible and dramatic action.

E) Even though a nationalist, Betancourt was more aware than most Latin-American political leaders of the need for joint action on hemispheric problems. He repeatedly sought to assert: (a) the indissolubility of national sovereignty, (b) the absolute primacy of non-interference with the affairs of other states; and (c) the need to establish hemispheric machinery to guarantee both of these, and resolve common problems.

F) Betancourt recognized limitations on individual liberty. It is possible to say that he did so reluctantly at first, then indecisively; but when he finally did, he sought to do two things. First, to inculcate in Venezuelans a desire to fight for their "rights" which he sought to define, both legislatively and ideologically. Second, when he was threatened, he had the courage to admit that Venezuela did not live, as a nation, in the best of all possible worlds, and to state that governments were sometimes forced to act in ways that might be repugnant to their leaders, but which were, ultimately, for the common weal.

G) To get around the record of historical failure, Betancourt thought, was a matter of applying sufficient critical energy to break the cycle. If enough were done during his tenure, and that enough were sufficiently seen and appreciated throughout Venezuela, there was hope.

H) Betancourt's means of making ideology relevant was to base himself, though cautiously, on its nationalistic content. In his younger days, Betancourt had been a close student of a Venezuelan "reality" to which he sought Venezuelan solutions; this meant, of course, excluding "foreign" ideologies, a step Betancourt at first hesitated to take, but eventually did, with rigor.

I) Betancourt thought of his movement and his government as "rev-

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olutionary"; he defined it quite specifically as an alternative to the traditional Latin-American definition of "revolution." That is, he proposed to make his "democratic revolution" more than a mere change in government and to effect through it basic alterations in the nature of Venezuelan society.

V

I think I have stated the Betancourt position clearly and fairly (following the guide-lines suggested in Mr. Alexander's book, which is a compendium, both partisan and polemical, of information on *how* Betancourt did *what* he did, even if it is, and necessarily so, less clear on *why*). The time has come, therefore, to take a closer and slightly more critical look at the extent to which the Betancourt answers were effective in his own country and during his period of office, at the same time considering the relevance of his answers to the rest of Latin America.

A) To the question of which comes first—pressing problems or political form—I beg off.

Betancourt's pragmatic approach was right for Venezuela in every respect: right, because there was nothing else he could do, and right because I hate people who dream up paper governments and can't even tell you how many people die every year in their own cities, or what the poor actually eat, or how many on the average live in one room. The best approach is the one that works, and I would rather have imperfections that let me breathe than exquisite mechanical models.

B) Betancourt was undoubtedly correct in seeing that effective infrastructures, whether political (through *Accion Democratica*), economic (through industrial and agricultural unions), or even social and cultural, are the key to extending awareness of national problems and goals downward into the supposedly inert mass. The PRI in Mexico functions as a model: not a village, however remote, that is not in periodic or constant contact with the party or the government, which, in Mexico, are nearly synonymous. Vargas sought to achieve the same thing in Brazil, and Goulart wished to extend the Vargas domain.

In fact, nearly every government in a less-developed country has been tempted (without, I fear, taking into account the sinister precedents offered by the Fascist or Communist states) to multiply the effectiveness of its national government by extending influence into as many spheres of collective action as possible. What more beguiling picture for a politician in an unstable, relatively new country, than the spectacle of the National Nurses marching in starched white pinafores, the Union of Actors passing motions and perhaps doing a little Agitprop on the side, the Trade Unions, hundreds of thousands strong, marching with

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banners—and all these variously, subtly, intimately blended with the ruling apparatus?

This can be done with sinister or noble aims. To divert organizations from their stated aims to other purposes is to invite limitations on each member's freedom of choice, to put pressures on him which he is ill-equipped to resist, and to introduce into such organizations matters that are irrelevant to their *raison d'être*. To play with the building-blocks of democracy, on *whatever* behalf, to make them less effective instruments, if need be, against the government, and certainly, always, against the Establishment, is to vitiate the political process. It serves to weaken the freedom of precisely those groups making their first step toward political consciousness. And, if Mexico is any example, it is to create, in the leaders of such organizations ambitions relevant first to power for themselves, and, only then, to the general good of their members. Betancourt's successor Rafael Leoni, who had long connections with such movements would undoubtedly argue that, as the central government becomes stable, these building-block organizations lose their political dependence and begin to act as legitimate substructures. I claim, and particularly for Latin America, that, once politicized, *no* organization (Latin-American universities are a case in point) ever escapes the essential diversion into politics of its basic functions. Universities should be universities and trade unions, trade unions.

C) That Betancourt remained in office for the constitutional period and passed on the reins to Leoni after honest elections is a triumph and an example. *Passons*. That he should have remained honest and not abused his office, or his party and his officials, or theirs, is an Astounding Adventure. Anyone who has lived in Latin America will recognize the improbability of this situation. Nor does this improbability depend on whether the government is strong or weak. Frondizi and Kubitschek both presided over shaky governments and did very well by the use of imagination and by implicating as much of the national Establishment as they could corrupt.

The remaining problems (D to I) can be dealt with together.

Both Muñoz Marin and Rómulo Betancourt, who sat at his feet as an exile in Puerto Rico, achieved one great thing: they defied despair and got away with it. They did so under special conditions. Muñoz because of Puerto Rico's economic links with the United States; and Betancourt because Venezuela is, both actually and potentially, a rich nation, and so, for the present, exceptional in Latin America.

I don't think it would be exaggeration to say that to defeat history in Latin America is to win the battle. And to defeat history, two things

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are necessary to a political leader: first, the necessary charisma, a sense of himself, because the place is *personal;* and second, the ability to make change stick and to make change visible—in short, since we are talking about "revolutions," democratic or otherwise, even if your revolution is very slim pickings compared to a real upheaval, and democracy always gives slow, and often intangible, results, to make certain that these changes bear all the appearance, the guise, the trappings of revolution with a capital "R."

The use of personality in politics is not always bad. In the context of Latin America, anyway, the president who exercises his authority has at least one great virtue: he tends to eschew the abstract, and he expresses himself like the second-generation immigrant mayors of our cities used to, by building bridges, hospitals, roads and the like: good and public works that will bear his name. And everything he does achieve pushes his opponents into the abstract. The "far left" during Betancourt's régime could only oppose progress in housing, sanitation, economic conditions, and land reform, by referring to the classic abstractions of Marxist theory. These, fortunately, are less well understood by the masses than a new refrigerator or school. Personality helps defeat the legacy of history.

How good was Betancourt? Charisma is the lubricant that can make social reform work: a good president in Latin America has to persuade the privileged to give up some of their privilege and the underprivileged to demand their rights. Then, by agile footwork, he has to maintain a balance between these two. Even then he may fail unless he lends it an imaginative fiction. For the Latin is often unconvinced by the evidence of his eyes; he would often rather believe he lives in Eldorado than actually have the streets paved with gold. Betancourt was a "democratic" revolutionary, he had to act by "democratic" methods, and chose in this to follow Muñoz, whose great lesson was that progress is a matter of persuasion, an inch at a time. An unglamorous method of defeating history! How much easier to wipe the slate clean with a revolution and start up afresh! But Betancourt belongs to what is called the democratic "left," to whom such easy solutions are taboo.

But a "democratic" leader can't make a habit of demagoguery. The reasons are obvious. Unless you come to power through a mass revolution, your support is not broad enough to run the risks involved in demagoguery. (And I would argue that no one in Latin America, after Bolivar, has come to power through a mass revolution: for Fidel Castro obtained his mass support after a revolution that succeeded on a narrow base, and Mexico—well, Mexico's revolution was not even aimed

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at democracy, even if some leaders thought it was; it was a bloody struggle for power and for survival, a civil war that tore up the old order all right, but not for the sake of Reform; *that* came after.) You depend on élites, the moneyed and middle classes: to last out your time and perhaps to achieve something. And then, demagoguery feeds on demagoguery. You have to get wilder and wilder (as Jango Goulart did) or lose your audience. So your opponents get wilder and wilder.

In defeating history, publicly, for all time—and nothing less is required in most Latin-American nations, for them to *become* nations, modesty is unbecoming; and democracy seems a chaste, modest maiden.

This was where Betancourt felt the crunch. His enemies—*the* Enemy—say that what he did, and what his successors do, and what all democratic leaders do in Latin America, whatever their good-will and piety, is not enough; not fast enough and not complete enough.

It is a perpetually exposed flank. For the Center is an unnatural position for a Latin American; and the gradual is an unnatural speed.

On this question of the Center and the Slow Gradual Approach to change I am fairly sure of my ground. The Latin American may adopt it for a while, but he is fickle and can dump it as easily as he takes it up. He uses it while it seems to work, but is dismayed by the first reverse and distracted by the first alternative that comes along. Like a sound marriage, the Center and reform come to bore him. He may never actually leave his wife, but the swath he cuts in society is marked more by the mistresses he keeps.

Yet, for all these élites and their talk of revolution, the barricades they storm are imaginary: just fantasies of leaving their wives. Rare indeed is the revolutionary in Latin America who would give up a safe job, a little influence, the comforts of home or his social standing (preferably on the heads of others). The hypocrisy of it was what finally got me down. The only change the "revolutionary" wants is that the present government be out and he in.

It is always possible that a whole experiment, like Betancourt's, may fail on a matter of feeling, on a vague desire to go further. Or as some would say: Betancourt and Frei and the experiment in democratic revolutions came just a bit too late.

To make the content of a revolution "nationalist" is to play on words. In the sense in which Latin Americans mean the word all classical revolutions have been nationalist. All I see in this, in Latin America, is an assertion of independence vis-à-vis the United States, which we would do just as well to declare vis-à-vis the Latin American nations. Naturally enough, Betancourt had to pay lip-service to Venezuelan na-

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tional susceptibilities; on the one hand making stringent regulations governing our investments in Venezuela, and on the other conjuring up or discovering caches of Cuban arms on Venezuelan soil. The inner contradictions of Betancourt's nationalism (never, after his youth and first attempts at politics very strong) are apparent. His nationalist heart beat in close tempo with the United States, and his ambitions lay well beyond Venezuela. He and Frei both share an ancient dream of Bolivar's, at the time when South America was first liberated: that this liberation should lead to union. His refusal to take the leadership of that second phase of the struggle was the first and fatal tragedy of Latin-American history.

VI

I will close by restating the argument for calling the Betancourt "democratic revolution" a "counter-revolution" as briefly as possible.

First, the attempt to create an "alternative" to classical revolutions (of which the model at hand for Betancourt was the Cuban) was explicit, a declared part of Betancourt policy.

Second, this alternative can be described as a "counter-revolution" in the same way as one understands the Counter-Reformation to be a reaction to the Reformation: that is, as a stock-taking, a close examination of a traditional position menaced by a new and more radical one, and a decision to adopt part of what the new movement offers while preserving what are considered essential elements of the tradition. In terms of revolution, I take this to mean: first, pre-empting some of the goals of a more radical revolution; and then taking firm measures to see that these goals are effectively and imaginatively implemented. Only thus can a counter-revolution forestall the possibility that the more radical revolution will still take place.

Third, I find no difficulty in believing that this was, during the Kennedy Administration, and at the end of Betancourt's, official United States policy; and that our goals in this were quite openly *counter*-revolutionary: designed to stop any further revolutions that we could not control or influence or that might turn against us, such as Castro's.

Fourth, this all seems to me perfectly sensible, and well within the limits of what democracies can do to defend themselves against attacks of irrationality. As far as I am concerned, Latin Americans who opt for other solutions are either ignorant (in which case they should go and learn the results at first hand, and not just in Cuba, where, as Cubans themselves say, all is just a *pachanga,* a great ball and a mess), irrational (because they don't know what they're getting into and still want to; or do know and don't care) or venal and generally vengeful against society

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(which is the most common); in short, carrying on an old Latin-American tradition—the easy play for power.

Fifth, I'm not convinced that this counter-revolution has many chances of success if it takes up the anodyne roads to political progress that might be suggested to it by the representatives of the Great Society at home or abroad (say Mr. Tommy Mann at home and Ambassador Bennett, abroad). I don't think you take up the hard tasks of Reform and revolution, no matter how democratic, with a little band of well-wishers, a few loans, and a tidy middle class scared to death of change of any kind. These, like all members of an élite, sitting, or rather lying lazily sprawled in a perpetual siesta across the recumbent, docile populations that sweep their streets, curl their hair and bring them their drinks out to the patio, see a greater possibility of loss than of gain. Nor do I think it can succeed in recruiting its leadership out of its own ranks, as Betancourt did, and the Mexican PRI does, in a kind of self-perpetuating sausage-roll of ever-less charismatic leaders.

Sixth, while these problems are getting themselves sorted out, I am convinced that the Betancourt régime was no isolated phenomenon; and that the counter-revolution is no accident. There are too many elements in common between, for a short list, and with significant differences among them, Betancourt, Muñoz, Figueres, Belaunde Terry, Frei and, for that matter, Jack Kennedy.

Among the points in common, the most important is that they are all what I would call "democracies of the majority"; that is, as governments or as movements or parties, they all seek to speak *for the whole nation*. They wish to be, politically, the filter through which the *vox populi* can be heard.

Quite unlike ourselves (and when I included Jack Kennedy in that list, I only meant to indicate that he would probably have thought this is a good method for others, in underdeveloped nations, to follow) these movements are quite uninterested in the notion that it is an Opposition, loyal to be sure, that makes an effective democracy. Dissent they will tolerate, as long as it does not challenge their rule.

The counter-revolution wishes, in each country, to be *total,* to include everyone, if possible, and hence to be stable; to be stable and hence endure; to endure and hence to put forth, like roots descending from a tree all sorts of substructures that will nourish the state and politics itself.

Seventh, to my mind, such concordances, pressed into action with such vigor and elaborated with such care during the Betancourt régime (and meticulously described by Mr. Alexander, with obvious approval)

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smack of policy, not happenstance, and quite justify the term counter-revolution. I will go farther, I think they mark a turning point in Latin-American history, and, since they have their vague counterparts elsewhere (in the "enlightened" socialisms of Yugoslavia, Algeria, Egypt, etc.) possibly mark a new step in the evolution of politics.

It is surely not coincidental that the counter-revolution should begin at a time when it was becoming increasingly self-evident to most élites, even the least-developed, that the great "Reformation"—in the Russian and Chinese Revolutions, and for Latin Americans, the Cuban—had its defects? Just when it began to be seen in its true colors? Shall we not mark 1957 and Mr. K.'s speech on Stalinism as its beginning? And note, in the years following, how it became increasingly evident that these so-called great revolutions were both degrading to individual liberty and manifestly unsuccessful economically and socially? After this time, one could still push forward on behalf of Moscow, Peking, or Cuba; but it took more effort. And, more important, the waverers, who might have been gathered into the fold earlier, could now seek an alternative with some honor.

VII

To conclude, what is the substance of this counter-revolution? Its probable form? I think most of it is visible in Venezuela. Briefly:

(a) an eclectic attitude towards older political models, adopting elements from many systems: bits of old-fashioned socialism mixed with sophisticated techniques in mixed economies;

(b) a recognition, in all its crudity, that where the basic political material is backward or inert, politics can't survive or function without a monolithic structure of power to protect it; and that this means, in some form, however moderate, one-party rule;

(c) a liberalism that is limited by permitting opposition *within* the structure of power, but none from *without,* thus recognizing that factions may split off from the monolith but that as they do, they lose real power, and hence quickly die in isolation;

(d) a tendency to embody the power of the movement in the person of a powerful chief executive and a corresponding realization that the chief danger to its stability arises from personal ambition so that the problem is less one of succession (there is *always* a successor in the ranks) but of keeping the ship of state stable and making the transition from those who made the revolt to those who inherit it;

(e) the use of a certain form of primitive nationalism, more usually directed against something outside rather than for any positive national goal, as the basic cement of societies in transformation;

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(f) the impossibility of allowing politics to run to picturesque riot when there are no well-balanced checks and pressures available to regulate the various forces at work;

(g) understanding that the extremes are not the natural home of the modern citizen, and that the ideological passion wanes, with many still left to mourn it, as material benefits increase;

(h) doing something about the various extraneous particles in the national blood stream that so far have stubbornly refused to become absorbed—the very poor, the Indians, those that lie beyond, or outside, the law; and

(i) inventing various names for all these tendencies and forms and mutations, names that will indicate purpose and planning and nothing so dull as mere democracy or a political party—the word "revolution" will do very nicely, and the "democratic" won't hurt, either.

Should we fear, as democracies have traditionally feared, the development of one-party states? With all the dangers we know are implicit in the form? Do we abet this counter-revolution and see it through to its logical end, or try, once again, to impose our own brand of democracy where, as I believe, it is, for technical and contextual reasons, largely irrelevant?

I began personally and must end so. Personally, then, I cannot breathe the air in such a place. It is like asking me to acquiesce in the liquidation of my own will and my own capacity to act; or, if I were a Latin American, it would require me to take up my position in the machinery of government and deprive me of the greatest gift freedom ever gave us, the right to privacy. Even with our own guarantees in the United States, I find the degree of state control and my powerlessness to do much about what I disapprove of humiliating and intolerable.

But I know that state to be inevitable, as the church once was; and before that, god; and before god, the gods; and before the gods, nature. We live in the shadow of the state because the state also protects us and regulates our prosperity. And we have to approve of it in some way because if it uses its resources properly, it is a great leveller of injustice, inducing its citizens to reason and quietly muffling the voice of unreason, the primitive anarchy, the almost willfull self-destruction that still lurks in most of us.

And if I had to live in Latin America, I would find this line of reasoning more than logical; I would find it overwhelmingly necessary and desirable. I think most Latin Americans will make this choice, now, or later. The first steps were taken, and taken in Venezuela. Out of all the confusions and experiments, is that, at last, some semblance of order?

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Nikolai Arzhak

HANDS: a story

The author of this story—which first appeared in the Polish magazine Kultura *published in Paris—is at present serving a five-year term at forced labor somewhere in the Soviet Union. He was recently sentenced together with another Russian writer, Abram Tertz.*

"You, Serge, are an intellectual, and you're polite, we all know that. That's why you keep quiet and don't ask any questions. But our boys from the factory, they ask right away. 'Well, Vaska,' they say, 'so you got drunk till you got the shakes?' They mean my hands. Don't kid yourself, I saw how you looked at them and turned your head away. Even now, you're still looking at me so as not to see my hands. Don't worry, brother, I understand—you do this to spare my feelings, so I don't feel embarrassed and ashamed. Well, look, look all you want. It's all the same to me. I won't get offended. After all, it's a sight you don't see every day. Only it's not from drink.

"I drink now and then, when the right company turns up, or when there's something to celebrate, like with you now. We can't very well not drink to our meeting. I remember it all, brother. How you and I kept a secret together, and how you jabbered in French with that White-guardist, and how we took Yaroslav... Remember how you spoke at that meeting and grabbed me by the hand, I just happened to be near you, and said: 'With these very hands,' you said. Ye-e-es... Fill it up, Seryozha, fill it up. Or else I'll really go to pieces.

"I quite forget what the medics call the shakes in their lingo. Doesn't matter, anyway, I got it all written up, I'll show you later. But you understand why it happened to me? Well, it was sort of an accident. When we got demobilized in 1921, the year we won, I returned right away to my native factory, if you'll pardon the phrase. For me there were honors and respect. I was, after all, a revolutionary hero, and, on the other hand, don't you forget, a Party member, a politically-conscious worker. It happened now and then, to be sure, that I had to set things straight for somebody or other. We had all kinds of volun-

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teers for conversations. 'Look,' one of them would say, 'you people won and now you're the bosses. And there's no bread around, nor horse radish . . .' Well, I soon cut that kind of talk short. I was a hard one. You couldn't throw sand in my eyes with that kind of Menshevik crap. Yes! Fill yours up now, don't wait for me!

"I worked barely a year at that factory, no more, and—boom—they call me to the Regional Committee. 'Well now,' they say, 'this and that, here's your assignment, Malinin. The Party,' they say, 'is mobilizing you, Malinin, Vassili Semyonovich, into the heroic ranks of the Cheka, the Extraordinary Committee to Fight the Counterrevolution. We wish you,' they say, 'great success in the struggle against the world bourgeoisie and, should you happen to see Comrade Dzerzhinsky,* give him our humble regards.' So, what do I do? I am a Party man. 'Yes, Sir,' I say, 'I will carry out my assignment, the order of the Party.' I grabbed the assignment, dropped into the factory to say goodby to the boys and was on my way. I go, and in my daydreams I see myself catching all the counterrevolutionaries, one by one, and stop them from mucking up our young Soviet Power. So, I got there.

"I really did see Felix Edmundovich; I told him our Regional Committee sent him their greetings. He gripped my hand, thanked me, and then took us all—there were about thirty of us boys, all mobilized by the Party—and made us stand in a row and told us, 'you can't build a house on a swamp, you must first dry it, and while you dry it you must kill all kinds of toads and reptiles; that's an iron necessity,' he said. 'And to this task,' he said, 'we must all put our hands . . .' I mean he told it to us like a story, like an anecdote, everything was natural and clear. Only he looked so severe, didn't even smile. Then they started assigning us. 'Who are you, where are you from and what do you do?' they ask. 'And what's your education?' they say. And my education, you know it yourself, one war with the Krauts, another with the Whites, and then slaving behind a machine, that's my education for you. Sure, I went for a couple of years to the parochial school by the village church. So they assigned me to the Special Service Section or, to put it in ordinary language, they made me carry out executions.

"I can't say the work was hard—but you couldn't call it easy either. It touches the heart, if I may say so. At the front, you know it yourself, it's a different story: either you get him or he gets you. But here . . . Well, sure, I got used to it. You walk behind him through the yard

* Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky was the first head of the Cheka, the forerunner of the GPU, set up by the Bolshevik regime during its early years for purposes of "internal security."

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and think to yourself, try to explain it to yourself. 'You must, Vassili, you must. It is ne-ce-ssary. If you don't finish him off, he, that reptile, will overturn the entire Soviet Republic.' I got used to it. I drank while I was doing it, of course, you can't do it without drinks.

"They gave us alcohol. But all these stories about special rations, that we Chekists were fed with chocolate and white rolls, that's all bourgeois lies; we had ordinary soldiers' rations, if you wish: bread, buckwheat and fish. But alcohol they did give us, that's true. So that's how it went! I worked at it for seven months, and then this accident happened. We were ordered to liquidate a bunch of priests. For doing counterrevolutionary propaganda. For malicious tricks. For throwing confusion into the minds of their parishioners. Something to do with that Patriarch, Tikhon. Or something against socialism generally. In a word —enemies.

"There were twelve of them. Our commandant gave the orders: 'You,' he said, 'Malinin, take three; you, Vlasyenko, you Golovchiner, and you . . .' I forgot what they called the fourth one. He was a Latvian, had a funny name, nothing like ours. The Latvian and Golovchiner went first. And we had this set-up: the guardroom, you see, was in the middle. On the one side of it was the room where they kept those who were to be shot, and on the other was the yard. We took them one by one. You finish one off in the yard, and then the boys help you to drag him off to the side and you come back for the next one. You had to drag them off or else it could happen that you come in with the next one and he would start twisting and try to get away from you—all that bother and extra work. In any case, it's better when they don't cry.

"Well then, Golovchiner and the Latvian finished off theirs, and it was my turn. And I had prepared myself by downing a few. And it's not because I was afraid or that I had some kind of weakness for religion. Nothing like it, I'm a hard man, a Party man, I don't believe in any gods, angels or archangels—and yet I began to feel faint. A man like Golovchiner, he had it easy, he was a Jew after all, and they, so they tell me, I don't know if it's true, don't even have holy icons—and here I sit and drink and all kinds of nonsense gets into my head, how my late mother took me to the village church and how I kissed the hand of our village priest, Father Vassili, and he—he was an old man—called me his namesake all the time . . . Ye-es . . . So, I finally went, I mean for the first, and took him out. I came back, had another shot, then took the second one out. I come back, down another one, and some-

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thing gets hold of me. 'Wait,' I say, 'wait, boys, I'll be back in a moment.'

"I put my Mauser on the table and go out. I'll put my fingers in my mouth, I'll throw up, and then I can wash and get myself in proper shape again. Well then, I went out, did everything necessary—but—I didn't feel any better. So, what the hell, I thought, the devil take you, you son-of-a-bitch, I'll finish you off in a moment and then—sleep. I grabbed my Mauser and went for the third one. And that third one, he was still young, a handsome priest boy he was. I lead him through the corridor, I see him lifting the long folds of his robe over the threshold, and I begin to feel sick, I don't understand what's going on. We get out into the yard. The priest jerks his beard up, looks to the sky. 'March,' I tell him, 'march, Father, and don't look back! You prayed for paradise and you'll soon get there!'

"Well. I was just joking, to keep my spirits up. I never did anything like that in my life before, starting conversation with a condemned man. I let him go three steps forward, that's the proper way, put the barrel of my gun between his shoulder blades and let him have it. Well, you know how a Mauser shoots—like a cannon! And it packs such a wallop, it almost tore my arm from my shoulder. And then, you see, I look and this priest that I shot turns around and starts walking towards me. Naturally, you don't always finish them off the first time: some fall right away, like a sack, others turn and twist, like a top, and some walk and roll like drunks. But this one walks straight towards me with his little steps, and floats in his robe as if I had never shot him. 'Now, you son-of- . . .' I say, 'now, Father, halt!' And I stick my gun again into him, into his chest this time. And he tears his robe over his chest and lays it all bare and, brother, he had a hairy, curly chest, comes towards me and yells at the top of his voice: 'Shoot' he says, 'Shoot me, you Anti-Christ! Murder me, your Christ!'

"I lost my head altogether, and let him have it again and again. But he still walks towards me, as if nothing had happened! And there is no wound on him, no blood, he walks and prays: 'Oh Lord, You have stopped a bullet aimed by evil hands! I accept my punishment for Your sake! No one can murder a living soul!' And then more of this sort. . . . I don't remember whether I emptied my whole magazine into him; but one thing I knew for sure: I couldn't have missed him, I let him have it at only two paces. But there he stands before me, his eyes aflame like a wolf's, his chest bared, and something like a halo shines over his head —it occurred to me later that he was standing with his head against the

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sun, it was just about to set. 'Your hands,' he yelled at me, 'your hands are covered with blood! Look at your hands!'

"I throw the Mauser on the ground and run to the guardroom, I knock someone down in the doorway, and get into the room. I grab a rifle from the stand and shout: 'Lead me,' I shout, 'lead me to Dzerzhinsky, or I'll pepper you all with this!'

"Well, they take the rifle from me, lead me out in a quick march. I go into the office, I tear myself loose from the comrades and say, shaking and stammering: 'Shoot me!' I say, 'Shoot me, Felix Edmundovich, but I can't kill that priest!' I say this and fall on the floor like a log, I don't remember anything more.

"I came to in a hospital. 'Nervous shock,' the doctors say. They cared for me, to tell the truth, well and lovingly. And the nursing and the cleanliness, and the food, good food for those days, light food you might say. They cured everything, except for one thing: my hands—you can see it yourself—still shake. The nervous shock, it seems, passed into my hands. They discharged me from the Cheka, of course. That's not the kind of hands they need there. And you can't go back to the machine with them, that's for sure. So they assigned me to the factory stores.

"Well, I work my share there and make myself useful. Of course, there is all kinds of paperwork, writing freight bills and all that. Because of my hands I don't do this myself. . . . A girl was sent to help me out with this, quite a clever girl she is. And that's my life, brother. And as for the priest, I found out later just what was behind all that. It had nothing to do with God, or anything like that. Simply, when I went out into the yard, to pull myself together, our boys took the magazine out of my Mauser and put another one in—with blind cartridges. They played me a joke, sort of. Well, I'm not angry at them—they were young, after all, and their life wasn't any too sweet, so they thought up this trick. No, I don't bear them any grudge. It is only my hands . . . they're no use for any kind of work . . ."

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Gustav Herling-Grudzinski

KAFKA IN RUSSIA

Kafka's recent entry into Russia has a history of its own. For several decades the visionary from Prague belonged—theoretically he still belongs—to the Unholy Trinity of Proust, Joyce, and Kafka. This Trinity has been condemned in Russia on every possible occasion, until it became a classical negative cliché, a literary equivalent to the Trotsky-Zinoviev-Bukharin bloc.

The Soviet inquisitors did not, of course, read the books they designated for burning. But their co-religionists in the West, who *did* read Kafka, also wanted to burn them. In 1946 the Paris Communist weekly *Action* published answers to the question "Should Kafka's Books Be Burned?" The argument of *Action* ran: Kafka's gloomy pessimism, a product of the bourgeoisie's moral decay, casts a shadow upon the bright perspectives opened up for humanity by the genius of Stalin. From all over France the barbarians roared their answer: "Burn! Burn!"—until a nasty character wrote to *Action* that its inquiry was useless, as Kafka's books had already been burned by the Nazis; only the Zurich edition remained, and it was doubtful that the Swiss could be persuaded to burn that. *Action* then abandoned its project.

So much for France. In Russia and the "people's democracies," new hands kept adding fuel to the symbolic flames. With time Kafka outpaced his two colleagues of the Unholy Trinity and became the Number One Menace. The quintessence of "bourgeois poison," he seemed to threaten the very foundations of "socialism." Travellers looking for traces of Kafka in his native Prague were called guilty of "provocative acts."

Eduard Goldstuecker, Prague's expert on German literature who had been tried with Slansky, confessed many years later: "Until 1962 it was quite an achievement in our country—requiring considerable effort and endurance—to locate books by or on Kafka." The new Czech rulers would probably have levelled Kafka's tomb in the Jewish Cemetery had they not been afraid of being called superstitious. Besides, only a few visitors from the West bothered to seek out the grave. But

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the black ghost of the tubercular man with the burning eyes may have floated at night, like a solitary raven, over the city of the Golem.

The first signal to douse the symbolic book burning was flashed from Poland, where Kafka had been excellently translated before the war by Bruno Schulz. The exact date on which Kafka re-entered Poland is significant, and so is the choice of the text: *The Penal Colony,* translated by Witold Wirpsza and publishèd in the literary magazine *Twórczość* in October 1956.

From Poland the new Lucifer penetrated Hungary, Yugoslavia, and his native Czechoslovakia, spreading his dark light. But his books were merely subjects for discussion among party heretics. The real turning point came in July 1962.

At the Moscow Peace Congress, Sartre made an open plea for Kafka. He diplomatically tried to persuade his hosts that, if the author of *Amerika* were proscribed in the East, he would automatically become a cold-war hero in the West. The seed sowed by this much-courted hand was bound to yield a quick harvest. By the end of the year, the Soviet censor permitted Victor Nekrasov to make a "shameful confession" in his travel notes from Italy—he reported a conversation with the Italian novelist Moravia in which he had admitted his ignorance of Kafka's work.

At about the same time, Goldstuecker rushed to the attack in Prague. He appealed to the "enlightened Marxists" to rescue Kafka from Max Brod, Kafka's close friend and biographer, who, he claimed, had falsely turned him into a religious thinker. "But before this can happen," Goldstuecker wrote, "a very important condition must be fulfilled. We must see to it that even the gloomiest imagination cannot equate our government offices with Kafka's visions of bureaucratic cruelty and chicanery." This sounds like Kafka squared.

In May 1963 Goldstuecker organized a conference near Prague, aimed at adapting Kafka to "socialist society." There the Austrian Communist writer Ernst Fischer asked his hosts the dramatic question, "Will you finally give Kafka his entry permit?" His French colleague Roger Garaudy now chose to forget that his party had once debated whether Kafka's books should be burned and cleverly gave a new direction to the trial of *The Trial.* To avoid the dangerous analogies which so disturbed the "enlightened Marxists," he proposed that alienation, a theme dominating Kafka's work, should be viewed as integral to modern industrial society as a whole rather than as the attribute of any particular social system.

Kafka next surfaced in Leningrad in July 1963, during an inter-

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national symposium on the novel. When Constantin Fedin, speaking for the hosts, pronounced once more the official formula of the Unholy Trinity, two guests from Paris, Natalie Sarraute and Alain Robbe-Grillet, did not conceal their irritation. Jiři Hajek and Ladislav Mnachko, two other guests, from Prague, energetically opposed Fedin in the name of the "enlightened Marxists." The "Great Moderator," Ilya Ehrenburg, was quickly mobilized; he said that, although he did not like Kafka, he could not deny his importance.

Now the ground was prepared for Kafka's official entry into Russia. *The Metamorphosis* and *The Penal Colony* were chosen for that solemn ceremony, celebrated in January 1964 in the pages of *Inostrannaya Literatura* (Foreign Literature).

Priscilla Johnson, the American Kremlinologist, writes in the introduction to her *Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture 1962–1964*:

> It is particularly surprising that the Soviet reader was given access to *The Penal Colony,* a parable of dictatorship, with its descriptions of . . . how a relatively mild ruler finds it difficult to get rid of the tools of torture used by his ruthless predecessor. It should be added that the editor of *Inostrannaya Literatura,* Boris Riurikov, is generally considered one of the most incorrigible Stalinist bureaucrats. We may conclude from Knipovich's note to the Russian translation and an article by Zatonsky in *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* that, in the final analysis, Kafka was permitted to enter Russia through the efforts of Western "socialist" writers. It finally became too embarrassing for the Soviet Union to fight a writer whom its foreign "comrades" and "good friends" dubbed a "realist" who had a "premonition of fascism."

For the initiated, this last phrase rings a bell. Many years ago, after Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union, a similar phrase was used about another writer banished by Stalin. *The Possessed* appeared in Moscow, with a commentary stressing Dostoyevsky's "premonition of Hitlerism." Circumstances favored this delicate operation; nor was it the fault of the mirror that it reflected twin "premonitions" instead of one.

The real issue is this: how do Kafka's Soviet readers react to his *Penal Colony*? According to the official recipe? Or will they, like his Polish readers of October 1956, apply the "prophetic ring" to their own experience? Does the mirror once more reflect two premonitions or only one? Such questions can be answered only with suppositions, but suppositions which have a solid foundation.

The realistic interpretation of Kafka is hardly an invention of "enlightened Marxists." Long before they discovered it, the adjective

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"Kafkaesque" had been applied to many—and mostly the depressing—phenomena of our time. Max Brod was essentially right when he called Kafka a religious thinker, although he made the typical mistake of the jealous exegete—he presented his interpretation as the only and final one. We must remember that Brod's biography appeared in 1937, when the prophetic realism of some of Kafka's vision was not as obvious as it is today. But when Brod launched a furious attack against Guenther Anders, who viewed Kafka as an unconscious anticipator of totalitarianism, he did so as the owner and defender of an "unchallengeable truth."

To be sure, in *The Trial,* guilt is, *par excellence,* metaphysical; but not long after it was written, we were to witness such trials or suffer them ourselves. *The Trial* is a novel about Grace denied to a man at the Gates of Heaven; but soon after its appearance, some earthly governments developed perfect procedures for making us knock and wait in vain. That is why the adjective "Kafkaesque" was coined to suggest the analogies so dreaded by Goldstuecker.

The German literary critic Willy Haas has made the illuminating remark that Kafka had the brilliant gift of deriving one reality from another. He started out with something concrete and turned it into something that seems to us a hundred times more so. His starting point was reality; but it was reality in *statu nascendi,* invisible to his contemporaries and only dimly visible to Kafka himself. He penetrated this reality so deeply with his "secret eye" that his novels and stories acquired three dimensions. There were the visions governed by their own logic (Kafka's "fantasies"); the confrontations of man with God or Fate (Kafka's "religious parables"); and enlarged projections of future events developed from mere indications (Kafka's "magnifying glasses"). This third dimension gained more and more importance as the embryonic phenomena solidified and took on flesh and blood.

This is why Kafka is infinitely more "realistic" today than he was during and shortly after his life-time. His "premonitions" and "prophecies" are now common currency—and this, incidentally, does some harm to the three-dimensional structure of his work. When Brod read *The Penal Colony* in Prague, at the threshold of World War I, he saw in it a modern transposition of the Book of Job, the story of a man who cannot understand God's cruel and unjust punishment. But a contemporary Polish or Soviet reader can hardly be expected to limit himself to this interpretation.

Therefore Kafka's "premonition of fascism" is no mystification. It even has a precedent in the "premonition of totalitarianism," observed

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by Guenther Anders. But *The Penal Colony* is a case apart—its parallels with the present are remarkably specific.

An "explorer" from abroad visits a penal colony. The distinguished guest is invited to witness the execution of a soldier who is to die a particularly horrible death under the teeth of a moveable harrow that forms part of an ingenious torturing machine. This "peculiar apparatus" was invented by the former Commandant.

The condemned man looks at the torture machine with indifference; he is interested only in the details of its design. Soon the teeth of the harrow will write out various commandments which he will read in wounds on his body. The officer sighs for the bygone age:

> "During the old Commandant's lifetime the colony was full of his adherents. . . . A whole day before the ceremony the valley was packed with people; they all came only to look on . . . they all knew: Now Justice is being done."

And today? Today the explorer is the only spectator. What's more, the officer suspects that the distinguished guest was invited to witness the execution in order to arouse his indignation, which would then be used as a pretext for liquidating the old system. The new Commandant still tolerates the magnificent invention of his predecessor, but not very willingly. The officer hopes to move the visitor to admiration, not indignation, so as to help save the incomparable machine and the purpose it serves. He gives a detailed explanation of how the "peculiar apparatus" functions and asks his guest to intervene on his behalf with the new Commandant. The explorer refuses. Whereupon the officer orders the soldier to be removed from the platform under the harrow, undresses himself, takes his place and sets the machine in motion.

The machine kills the executioner and falls to pieces. The explorer leaves the place of execution and goes to the center of the colony. There he is shown the grave of the old Commandant.

We know a good deal about the reaction of those who read the Polish translation of *The Penal Colony* in October 1956. And we can easily guess the impression it made on the Soviet followers of the Old Commandant.

Postscript: After this was written, news came from Moscow of the publication of a Russian translation of *The Trial.* Within a few hours, the edition was sold out.

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Alberto Moravia

OPEN LETTER TO SHOLOKHOV

The modern world is full of things which, contrary to what we tend to think, have never been seen before today. It does not seem, for example, that the ancient world knew the disconcerting and, in some ways, terrifying phenomenon of non-art. Art in the ancient world seems always to have been, if not actually art, at least artisanship; no matter how crude, vulgar, almost formless, it was nevertheless, in the broad sense, an esthetic product. Non-art—the *kitsch* of the West and the State Art or Socialist Realism of the Communist countries—is a new phenomenon divorced from art, and must be judged from a new standpoint.

The atmosphere in which the non-art of the Eastern countries was born is reflected in Mikhail Sholokhov's speech against his colleagues Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel at the recent Russian Communist Party Congress at Moscow. Among other things, Sholokhov said: "There are scribblers who publish one sort of writing at home and another, completely different sort abroad. They use the same language, Russian, but in the first instance they use it to disguise themselves and in the second to offend this language by their maliciousness, expressing a hatred for everything that is Soviet, for everything that we possess which is most dear and sacred to us." Then Sholokhov, after having ridiculed those who complain about the harshness of the sentence inflicted on the two writers (five years of imprisonment for Daniel and seven for Sinyavsky), concluded by saying that if they had been sentenced during the '20s, when punishments were not rigidly fixed by the penal code but were inspired by a "sense of revolutionary justice," the sentence would have been much different.

Notice, Sholokhov does not say how "one must" write novels; he only says how "one must not" write them. In other words, Sholokhov's theory of the novel has only been half communicated: "One must not" write—if he wants to avoid prison—novels in which there is a hatred for everything that is Soviet, for everything that is dear (to the State), for everything that is sacred (to the State). But we are primarily

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interested not in knowing what sort of novels, according to Sholokhov, "must not" be written; we are only interested in knowing what he thinks "must" be written. And at this point the phenomenon of non-art intervenes. The novels which "must" be written are those in which there is love for everything that is Soviet, that is, everything dear and sacred to Sholokhov, to the judges, to the delegates to the Communist Party Congress, in short to the ruling class of the Soviet Union. But we know that these novels have already been written, over the last 30 years at least, and that all of them, without exception, including Sholokhov's novels, belong to the category of non-art. Clearly, therefore, the novels which still "must" be written are non-novels or bad novels.

Viewing non-art in its totality, as a world phenomenon, one sees that while art has only an indirect and mediated relation to the social and economic structures, non-art has a direct and immediate relation to them. What does this mean: "direct and immediate?" It means, in my opinion, different things in the West and the East, even if the end-result is the same. In the West, "direct and immediate" means "commercial"; in the East "direct and immediate" means "positive."

Admittedly, besides being so many different things and having so many different aspects, art can *also* be commercial, can *also* be "positive," yet these properties certainly do not define a work of art. Of course, Joyce's *Ulysses* is sold; of course, the moral values of *War and Peace* are those which almost any society can make its own; but when the principles of saleability and positiveness are applied systematically and exclusively, they lead in the first instance to detective stories, sentimental novels, pornography, and in the second to tendentious Socialist Realism, to propaganda. So the Marxist idea of art as a superstructure in a deterministic relation to the economic structure proves to be correct by half: Only non-art, Western *kitsch* and Eastern Socialist Realism, are indeed superstructures tied in a "direct and immediate" way to this structure.

The Marxist diagnosis remains valid, however, at least as a point of departure. For example, it is quite clear that Victorian non-art was in fact a product of the direct and immediate application of the principle of "positiveness" of art on the part of a society accomplishing the industrialization of the country with the methods proper to economic liberalism: Because there existed in England and generally in Europe a massive alienation, it was possible to mistake non-art for art in perfectly good faith. But what about the Soviet Union? Has there not been

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a revolution in the Soviet Union which the Communists have for years and years never tired of describing as "humanist"? From such a revolution shouldn't there have come, according to the logic of their own ideology, an unprecedented flowering of art in the highest sense of the word? And why is it that, instead, the Revolution has led to a form of non-art similar to that of Victorian England?

I believe that a rather easy answer can also be given to these questions. There is no difference so far as art is concerned simply between having one class or another in power—whether "revolutionary" or not; the difference lies in the cultural quality of a class and in whether it wants or does not want to impose its own idea of art by coercive means. Seen from this standpoint, the relations between art and society can be described in four ways:

1. Ignorant and crude societies that want to impose their conception of art by more or less coercive means (for example, the Stalinist society of yesterday and today, the Victorian societies of the 19th century).

2. Ignorant and crude societies that do not or cannot impose their point of view on art (for example, a great part of present-day Italian society and the society as a whole in the United States today).

3. Refined and cultivated societies which have a correct idea of art and, precisely because they have it, do not try to impose it, even if in other fields they do not prove too liberal (for example, the societies of the Italian Renaissance and of Europe in the period immediately after the Renaissance).

4. Refined and cultivated societies which, while having the correct attitude toward art, wish to impose it with coercive means for ritual, ceremonial, governmental or religious reasons (for example, ancient China, ancient Egypt, Byzantium).

To return to Soviet Russia, at this point someone might well ask: What has become of the "humanist" revolution? I would reply that there has been a revolution and that it could and should have given a real art to the citified peasants who made it. But in the long run it was not the Revolution which gave the citified peasants a correct idea of art; it was the peasants who gave the Revolution their idea of art, which in fact was non-art, based precisely on their crudity and ignorance. In other words, between the Revolution and the class that made it there has been, insofar as art is concerned, a conflict; the class has prevailed and thus one has had a class art, that is, non-art, directly and immediately tied to the interests of the society in power.

These interests do not only involve matters of economics or power. The patrimony of prejudices, of traditions, of taboos, of received ideas, of backward attitudes, of fears is just as precious to a society as its

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economic or political management. This, I think, explains why the "positiveness" of art in the Soviet Union is enforced by trials and prison sentences.

It should not surprise one that Mikhail Sholokhov—who belongs with all the appropriate honor to the Stalinist ruling class, who throughout his career has directly and immediately practiced "positive" non-art—attacked Sinyavsky and Daniel so violently. His harshness, one can be sure, is spontaneous and natural, as automatic and reflexive as that of the judges who handed down the sentence. But confronted by this harshness, the real artist who defends real art has the duty to be just as harsh and to say to Sholokhov:

> *Your idea of art represents a danger for art not only in the Soviet Union but also in the entire world. You are the worthy representative of an old ruling caste of citified peasants, of provincial petty bourgeois, of bureaucrats with stony behinds, of administrative dead souls. And when you declare that the defenders of Sinyavsky and Daniel should be ashamed of themselves, we must tell you that you should be ashamed of yourself because, although you have always practiced non-art, you are nevertheless a writer—that is, you work with words—and some slight notion of what art is should have glimmered in your mind during all those many years you have wasted at your desk.*

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Paul Jacobs

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM THE UNIONS?

Historically, it has been a basic premise for socialists that because the trade union constituency is composed of workers, unions must play a progressive role in society. This assumption was rarely challenged, especially since unions for many years did exercise their power in ways that benefited masses of people who had no other spokesmen. American radicals have always dreamed of the role unions might perform in our society. Even today, men with a deep commitment to basic social change believe that the civil rights movement, for example, must depend on an alliance with the trade unions in order to succeed. But with rare exceptions, the vision of the union role has always remained only that. Throughout their history, American unions have stubbornly resisted the call that they become more than the instrument of a special, although very large and important, interest group operating only within the confines of the social order rather than seeking to break through those borders.

One of the inescapable facts about the American trade unions is that it seems to make little difference what set of ideas a union leader brings to the bargaining table: inexorably, the process of negotiation within the system endows the *contractual* relationship with primary importance. Contract becomes king and, as a result, nearly all unions are indistinguishable from each other, at least in their relationship to the employer.

Without the contract, the union is powerless, as power is viewed in America. Thus it is understandable why the first demand made by unions in achieving status is for their recognition by the employer as an agency capable of negotiating a collective contract on behalf of individual members. The union demands of the employer what the employer is capable, most easily, of giving to the union—changes, for the better, in wages, working conditions and future status of the workers. In an assembly line factory, for example, a union might insist that the wages paid workers on the line be increased continually, that future

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pension rates be reasonable ones, and that the union be allowed to exercise some degree of control over how fast the lines move. But the union does not demand that the employer abolish the assembly line.

Union acceptance of welfare capitalism and union use of its collective power to achieve benefits for its members within that economic order have had inevitable consequences. The notion of contract implies a recognition by the union of *its* responsibilities for enforcement of the agreement it has negotiated with the employer, thus sometimes placing the union in the seemingly anomalous position of having to act against its own members when they violate the contract. The price the union must pay for the benefits it gets for its members is that it becomes part of the productive system, able to help modify but not change in any basic way the nature of that system.

And the unions have no class identity, for a fundamental assumption of American life is that we are already a classless society; a society in which every man can achieve some substantial measure of material success. On this premise, then, the union is only one among a range of agencies by which an individual can better his lot. So it is that very few union members view a fellow worker as "betraying" his class if he leaves the ranks of the union to become a foreman or supervisor. Indeed, such a line of progression is considered eminently reasonable.

Without a class self-concept, unions inevitably become the instrument of an interest group, thus fitting admirably into the pluralist view of American society. But then, because fundamentally they are no more than an interest group, their stated social objectives frequently conflict with their objectives as representatives of their specific constituency. Thus, on two domestic issues today—the anti-poverty program and the race crisis—the trade unions are confronted with a serious dilemma. At the national level, they are committed to a course which often meets with strong opposition from their local organizations and, frequently, they must defend local action or inaction which runs contrary to their stated policies. One of the grave difficulties the anti-poverty programs have encountered at the municipal level is that the unions are frequently aligned with the conservative elements in the society, both because they believe their economic interests may be menaced by some aspect of the poverty program and because their political alliances tend to be with those groups whom the new advocates of participation by the poor must confront.

On the race question, too, the unions have encountered serious internal difficulties. The militant posture of Negroes toward unions in the past decade has forced the union leaders into a defensive position,

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especially because the national leadership often feels incapable of forcing more progressive policies on its constituent bodies if those policies may endanger intraunion relationships. Even though they may have the best intentions (which not all of them have), few national union leaders have exerted the kind of forceful leadership which could educate the members to harmonious relationships even at some cost to their re-election possibilities.

As a result, not all the American workers are among the best treated and best paid in the world: Negroes, Indians, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans and a few million whites, too, are outside the union constituency and so deprived of its benefits. They are the farm workers, the laundry workers, the hospital workers, the car washers, the domestics, the menials of America, the millions of unemployed and under-employed workers. They are closed off from union membership either by fierce employer resistance, union indifference, or active bars to membership. And while automation and technology rapidly erode some of the traditional bases for union membership, the unions seem incapable of attracting the new techno-collar work force, or of recruiting from the activist youth generation which has played so prominent a role in the civil rights and student movements. Indeed, the basic reason why this generation views unions as being no different from any other institution of society is the unions' refusal to assume an active role in those issues which are of importance to the youth.

On domestic issues, the radical posture toward unions is a rather difficult one to define and carry out. With some notable exceptions, I am convinced that many unions respond to the Negroes' demand for equality in direct relationship to the pressure exerted upon them: the more pressure, the more unions have moved. There is no doubt in my mind that if it had not been for the persistent attacks upon the AFL-CIO's segregationist practices made by Herbert Hill of the NAACP's Labor Department, Negroes would still be barred from admission to those unions which, reluctantly, have opened a crack in the door to them, and would still not have access to equal opportunities at promotion in many others.[1]

I believe, too, it could not be otherwise. When the demands of the Negroes for equality are expressed in a march on Selma, Alabama, some AFL-CIO leaders and some AFL-CIO staff members join them

1 For a detailed analysis of the NAACP's grievances against the AFL-CIO, see *Congressional Record*, House, Jan. 31, 1963, pp. 1496–1499, testimony of Herbert Hill; see also "Racial Practices of Organized Labor in the Age of Gompers and After," by Herbert Hill, in *Employment, Race and Poverty*, edited by Arthur M. Ross with Herbert Hill (Harcourt, Brace and World).

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singing, "We Shall Overcome"; but when the demands of the Negroes for equality are expressed in a mass picket line stopping a construction job, the AFL-CIO leaders try feverishly to get the picket line called off. I do not underestimate the difficulties faced by those union leaders who participate in civil rights marches; I know they are subject to severe attack from their membership. But that's what being a leader is all about anyway, so I see no reason to single out union leaders as deserving of any special sympathy in such situations.

It would be foolish for radicals to expect much more from the unions than a kind of generalized support for anti-poverty programs. I was not deeply disappointed by the strong support given to the extension of the *bracero* program by the Teamsters' Union in California. That union was convinced that without *braceros* the growers could not harvest a tomato crop and if there are no tomatoes its members in the canneries will suffer from lack of work. To protect the specific interests of their members, they will sacrifice the larger good of society, just as for years the specific interests of the agricultural workers in California were regularly exchanged in the state legislature for benefits given to the industrial workers whose dues paid the salaries of the state AFL lobbyists.

I cannot get terribly indignant, either, when a union representative on the Mayor's Economic Opportunity Council in San Francisco uses his power to veto a suggestion that unemployed teenagers be used as runners in the public libraries because, for some years, the unions have been attempting to bring these jobs under union jurisdiction. A genuine conflict of economic interests may exist between the poor, seeking work at any wage, and the unions whose function it is to keep wages high.

But there is no need to recite again the dreary roster of union failures. The critics of unions have made their points repeatedly and with the exception of a few troglodytes there is a growing awareness among union leaders that something is amiss in the house of labor. They recognize that some of the problems they confront today cannot be solved by traditional methods of collective bargaining and even though they pay very little attention to their critics, the current rumblings among union members certainly make them consider their own positions. The downfalls, with the help of the Landrum-Griffin law, of such union presidential stalwarts as Carey of the IUE, McDonald of steel, and Knight of OACW, has forced other union leaders to look at their own positions. It is certainly possible that without these provisions of the law, which now give union members certain minimal protections against election frauds,

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Carey might still be president of the IUE and McDonald still head of the Steelworkers. And in the case of McDonald, at least, no one doubts that the most important reason for his defeat was the members' dissatisfaction with the kind of personal, top-level bargaining relationship McDonald had developed with steel management. But no one ought to have any illusion that the successors to McDonald and Carey will try to lead the unions in markedly different directions from that in which they have been going.

Indeed, if there is any hope at all for a change from within the union structure, it will come from groups which most unions seem incapable, thus far, of either attracting or organizing: the professionals, such as the teachers and engineers, the techno-collar workers in the automated industries and the unskilled workers to whom a few unions have begun to turn their attention.

The successful example of the United Federation of Teachers in New York indicates how far unions must depart from their usual pattern if they are to organize the growing number of professional workers.

The UFT, unlike most unions today, does more than attempt to bargain collectively on the narrow issues of wages and hours. It raises questions concerning the whole educational system in New York and it assumes that there is no separation between its members' working conditions and the condition of the entire educational system. It justifies its overall demands by maintaining that the "products" of its members' work—well-educated children—cannot be created inside a school system where teachers must work at low wages under bad conditions. The UFT is also attempting to establish that the individual teacher-worker has a dignity which has been eroded in the past by the educational system itself.

But teacher-members of the UFT are professionals, to whom work is not only a means of earning a living but an essential part of the process of self-fulfillment. Their view of what they want from their union is far different from that of, say, an auto worker, for whom work is only a means, and not a very desirable one, of getting a paycheck. Understandably, what most auto workers want is to get out of the damn plant either by finding another job or by retiring as early as possible.

If unions adopted the view of the teachers, they might begin to examine the work process on behalf of their constituency. Does the auto workers union have to accept, as an absolute truth, that the best way to build cars is with the assembly line? Are the new, highly automated, packing-house plants the only way meat should be brought to the con-

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sumer? Obviously, it's the best way yet devised for the employers, but why shouldn't unions make the work process itself a subject for study and bargaining in a far more intensive way than they do now, even to the point of proposing and insisting on radical changes?

The answer is obvious: to do this would be to extend the union's role beyond that of functioning within the framework of present-day liberal capitalism. It would challenge some basic ideas about private property and the social structure. It would be hellishly expensive. It would be risky for the union leaders involved. It might not succeed. So, the leaders say, let's just concentrate on cutting down the hours of work and getting the best kind of conditions on the line that we can.

The second important difference between the UFT and other unions is the way in which its decisions are made. What the UFT is evidently seeking is to bring together, as closely as possible, the maximum amount of democracy with decision making. A heavy cost must be paid, always, for any attempts in this direction: frequently, the decisions arrived at by the group may oppose what the leaders desire; the turnover in leadership which seems an essential part of the process and the use of an unpaid executive board place a heavy burden upon the small paid staff. But despite these handicaps to efficiency, the involvement of as large a group as possible in the right to make *significant* decision seems, in the UFT, to be worth all the effort. Out of it there seems to have grown a membership commitment to the union and a willingness to work for it not seen since the early CIO period.

Perhaps one key to getting a higher degree of membership participation in union activities lies in giving the decision-making function significant effect on the lives of the individuals involved. Obviously, if the members believe, correctly, that what they have to say is of no value in making decisions that affect themselves, they will not say it. My own experience as a union representative convinced me that when important issues affecting the members did come up in a situation where they could exercise effective control, participation increased very rapidly.

No precise blueprint can be drawn up showing in detail how to increase membership participation. What is required is a willingness to experiment with new forms, even at the risk of inefficiency. But it would be foolish to assume that the leadership of most unions will undertake such experiments if the cost might be the loss of their own power. If a movement to experiment with such devices does occur, it will come either through the challenging of leaders by other leaders or by pressure from the membership. Ironically, too, such challenges can now be made more effectively only because the government is legally

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in a position to make some judgments about how union elections are conducted, as the Labor Department did in the case of the battle between Carey and Jennings in the IUE.

Another hopeful sign is the successful split of 20,000 West Coast paper workers from a union which they believed, with justice, was not representing them properly. At present, the group is operating independently of the AFL-CIO but with the cooperation of local unions in Oregon and Washington. Indeed, because of this split, it is possible that the Western paper industry will now face, for the first time, a united group of paper, lumber, and sawmill workers, cooperating in their bargaining, instead of fighting among themselves as they have in the past.

From the outside, however, pressure could be exerted for allowing such movements to take their natural course through the life of a union. One of the great needs of the day is simply a vehicle for the exchange of information, if nothing else, so that the union members in the West Coast paper industry, fighting a brave battle against their leadership, might have the benefit of the knowledge gained by the New York City painters struggling to gain control of their own destiny. At present, the only such instrument is Herman Benson's courageous journal, *Union Democracy in Action,* which survives only because of Benson's commitment to democratic ideals.

In general, I think the posture of the radical toward the unions must be a severely critical one. But it should not be uncivil. Let Meany and other union leaders question the motives of those with whom they disagree. But we should speak out openly and firmly.

II

Let us move on now to the unions' role in matters outside their specific concern with wages and working conditions. On one of the most important international questions confronting the world today, American foreign policy, almost every union and union leader repeats only the official U.S. position.

George Meany's description of the serious academic critics of the President's foreign policy as those "who are either a little woozy upstairs or who are victims of Communist propaganda," is a typical representation of the AFL-CIO position. So, too, is Meany's dictum that "it is up to all of us, on affairs outside the boundaries of this nation, to have one policy. We can disagree in here but we cannot disagree outside the boundaries of the nation and have an effective foreign policy."

The torpid tenth anniversary convention of the AFL-CIO in December, 1965, provided a nauseating demonstration of the atti-

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tude taken by union officials towards those who disagree with the Administration position on the war in Vietnam. Not only were the protestors thrown out of the convention hall, but the pickets outside the hall had their signs torn away from them in the American Legion tradition. And with the exception of Emil Mazey, who attempted to defend only the right of dissent, not one union leader publically attacked these actions of Meany or his supporters. It was only in the bars or in their hotel rooms, where they couldn't be overheard, that some of the old CIO leaders expressed their indignation over the federation's completely jingoistic posture. Indeed, if the new generation of radicals needed a verification of their belief that "liberal" union leaders are indistinguishable from "reactionary" ones, this convention gave it. But it can be argued, fairly, the AFL-CIO isn't just Meaney, Jay Lovestone, and the rubber-stamp Executive Board speaking out on foreign policy; it's all the international unions, too. Agreed. And what do they have to say about this question which so engrosses the nation today? Generally, nothing; and if they do speak, it is usually to duplicate, in less vulgar terms, what Meany says. The spectrum of official international union statements on foreign policy ranges from complete silence to denunciation of those who question the Administration and includes a few somewhat more apologetic statements which still end up by justifying the present policies.

And in discussing the position of the AFL-CIO on foreign policy we are not talking about mere resolutions passed at conventions and board meetings or editorials in official newspapers. In the case of foreign affairs, at least, the AFL-CIO policy *is* translated into action: the federation maintains an active international staff which, under the direction of the still Bolshevik ex-Bolshevik Lovestone, aggressively conducts its own international operations in true Bolshevik style. (Indeed, the time is long overdue for a full-length analysis, from the radical viewpoint, of how Lovestone has conducted a private war, using union funds, against his former comrades and all others of whose politics he disapproves.) [2]

The notion of George Meany speaking as an authority on foreign policy illustrates one basic dilemma of the radical's relationship to the unions: they are a powerful and accepted pressure group, committed in rhetoric and frequently in action to many worthy, although limited social objectives, especially on the domestic scene, while simultaneously acquiescing in a foreign policy that, most charitably, can only be described as reactionary.

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[2] For a very good short study of this question, see Sid Lens's article, "American Labor Abroad: Lovestone Diplomacy," *The Nation*, July 5, 1965, pp. 10–16, 27–28.

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The unions' position vis-à-vis American foreign policy is derived from their commitment to the national anti-Communist consensus and their specific economic interests which are tied to the military economy. Thus, unions do not question the current belief that the defeat of Communism can be accomplished by continually increasing military power. And individual international unions must vie with each other in order to protect the jobs of their own members: a union representing missile workers insists that a larger missile program is required while the shipyard workers speak out in favor of a larger fleet.

And so I view the notion of an alliance between the civil rights movement and the trade unions with great skepticism. At the practical level, very little would be accomplished by it: such an alliance would necessarily limit the action of civil rights groups that might need to be directed against unions and, even worse, it could draw the civil rights movement into the kind of support the trade unions now give almost unquestioningly to the Johnson Administration on other issues.

Since welfare capitalism, in the American model, is incapable of dealing with its internal and external problems, no institution which is committed to working only inside that system can be effective in making the kind of radical changes that are needed today. Nevertheless, I am convinced that unions and unions alone are responsible for whatever industrial justice prevails for workers in America now. And in some places where no such justice exists, some unions are still trying, even heroically, to bring workers the benefits they ought to receive.

But on balance, I remain deeply dissatisfied. With all the good they have done and all the good they are doing, the trade unions are no longer sufficiently alert to the new and different problems faced by workers and society. As a radical I find them wanting and I believe that unless they make fundamental changes of direction, time will pass them by, leaving them as bystanders rather than participants in our history. Nor do I believe that the new and younger men on the AFL-CIO Executive Council will have any serious effect on the federation. The one or two men among the new Council members who might have once spoken out on issues have been silent because they were afraid of antagonizing Meany and losing his support; now they are on the board, they will be as silent as their predecessors.

Taken as a whole, I believe that trade unions today continue to lag rather than lead in any movement to change society for the better whenever that movement requires a serious attack upon the status quo.

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NOTEBOOK

Bennett M. Berger

Self-Hatred and the Politics of Kicks

This article is a revised version of a letter to Daniel Bell responding to a request for some ideas to be discussed at a conference of the "Committee on the year 2000."

You ask for my top-of-the-head thoughts on "the *enragés* or the beat or simply the deviant," and one of the first things that occurs to me is that it is precisely that sort of question—and the purpose for which it is asked—that enrages the *enragés* and induces the confirmation of the beat. I do believe (and in this respect I may be beat—though I doubt it) that conferences of the kind in which you (and I) are engaged are significant less for providing a solution to the problems that occasion them than for what they reveal about the way in which problems are "handled." Probably the very best thing they do is come up with what J. K. Galbraith called positions of "permissible originality."

"The *enragés* or the beat or simply the deviant" are people whose naiveté is in a way charming, almost quaint, because their orientations are still primarily moral and expressive, by which I mean that they still get terribly upset by discrepancies between what is practiced and what is preached, and extract deep satisfaction from passionately expressing that upsetness. Which may or may not help explain why so many of us are so profoundly ambivalent about their "idealism," regarding it as morally praiseworthy, pure, innocent, and all that, yet deeply distrustful of these virtues when they intrude themselves into arenas of domestic and international conflict where we have learned to believe that other virtues, the ones we call "sophisticated," properly belong.

I remember Marty Lipset last winter presiding at a hastily-called meeting of interested University of California faculty to consider what to do about Clark Kerr's suddenly announced resignation in the midst of the so-called "filthy speech controversy." I remember Lipset muttering over and over with a bitter and sarcastic anger rare for him, "the moral men have won"—suggesting that Kerr had been squeezed between the moral indignants of the right and left until he had no more room to maneuver. But behind the impatience and the occasional anger that political moderates like Lipset feel toward the politically enraged, I often suspect there lies a good deal of latent resentment that the *enragés* seem always to capture the *moral* ground, leaving the moderates

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with little but their more or less sophisticated preoccupation with tactics aimed apparently at nothing more grand, ennobling, or exciting than the sustenance of the present precarious institutional balance—which is precisely what the enraged idealists scorn, preferring their own vulnerable and corruptible utopias.

Now "idealism" and "sophistication" are terms which describe polar attitudes toward the possible. The sophisticated are people concerned only with the presently possible, and whose energies are devoted to finding and using the most efficient means to achieve it. The enragés, as "idealists," are tilters at windmills, who, if they had the choice and were conscious of its consequences, would prefer a grand moral gesture to a politically calculated act. Where one has hold of a political issue that is at the same time a burning moral issue (as with peace and civil rights), then involvement can easily become its own reward; you don't have to win for it to have been worthwhile. Win, lose, or draw, to fight for the moral right is ennobling, and this is what rebellious students want to do. I call this the politics of kicks, but I don't intend the term as a put-down because there is a part of me that thinks one has a right to expect one's political acts to be morally satisfying regardless of what they may or may not achieve. So to say that the politics of the beats is for kicks is not a damaging criticism, just as it is not damaging to impugn the motives of the Vietnam Day Committee at Berkeley or of civil rights activists, by saying that they do what they do "just for publicity" (since publicity influences people, and public opinion presumably influences the Administration). Politics as kicks is expressive, is redemptive; even if one loses (does one hope to lose?) the experience enlarges one. The nobility of defeat is certainly easier to handle than the responsibilities of victory.

But using politics for redemptive or expressive purposes is very dangerous in a world armed to the nuclear teeth. The student left which today shouts so righteously against "this immoral war" in Vietnam is composed of much the same sort of people who less than ten years ago were deploring John Foster Dulles's conduct of foreign policy for, among other things, the inappropriateness of its moral evangelism in delicate political situations. My recent memories include not only Lipset searching for an accommodation, but also, a young leader of the VDC insolently baiting an editor of DISSENT, a veteran of the radical movement, not on any substantive issue of politics, but—believe it or not—about whether his "expectations" were still "heady." The hostile arrogance in the young man's voice, which showed through his patronizing attempt at affecting a teasing good humor, suggested that if the veteran radical was old and tired (he was neither), that is, did *not* have "heady expectations," then it was about time he ceased posing as a radical since only the politically erotic—wild-eyed and possessed—had a right to the label. Trying to imagine this VDC leader conducting negotiations with a foreign government, as the peace of the world hangs in the balance, is almost enough to turn one into a conservative. Still, most of the available models of political men seem hardly more attractive;

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to be exquisitely immobilized, and hung up with Coleridge's "feelings all too delicate for use," is no better. Under the circumstances, political rage may seem far from the worst alternative.

I think the *enragés* are enraged at *Them—at* a system of social order perceived as robbing them of kicks and denying them satisfaction ("I Can't Get No Satisfaction"), as the price of an admission ticket to the prosperous, orderly Great Society, where men are reasonable, willing to compromise, ready to give a little in order to get a little. A place where men "maintain themselves by the common routine/Learn to avoid excessive expectation/Become tolerant of themselves and others/Giving and taking in the usual actions/What there is to give and take . . ." and so on to the end of Mr. Eliot's bleak sermon.

One day not very long ago, while sitting in front of a typewriter trying to write something on the reluctance of youth to grow up, I thought: *This is a society which hates itself.* And I said to myself (with, I noted, an immediate touch of defensive irony) *there's* an arresting (arrestable?) thought, started to type it out to see how it looked on paper, when my inner censor said no no, that won't do; I'm not the sort of *ressentiment*-filled intellectual who says things like that, and besides, what it means is not even clear. But the feeling persisted, and I kept asking myself what I could have meant (a stubbornness I like to think is salutary since, for an intellectual who is not an artist, one of the few functions left to feeling is to evoke analytic thought about itself and about the extent to which it —the feeling—represents an authentic response to something perhaps only dimly perceived but really there, or whether it's simply another dreary projection of private need which would be much better suppressed).

A society which hates itself is one that is unwilling or unable to honor or reward the social roles and the kinds of human character its major institutions commit it to produce. Honor and reward are probably not the right words, since money and prestige are in pretty good supply (in any case our cultural rhetoric is rich in ways to derogate money, and as for prestige, it is enough to observe that the word's Latin source means delusion). I mean that our cultural-emotional rhetoric is poor in symbols which glorify or glamorize or even simply praise the roles and the types of character the society has actually devoted itself to fabricating. When little boys are asked what they want to be when they grow up, they should be able to say (with swelling chest and trembling voice), "I want to be a registrar in a college" or "I want to be a dental technician" or "I want to be a console operator." A society which hasn't yet learned how to make heroic images out of the types of people it really needs and is committed to, creates an uneasy population vulnerable to ideological appeals catering to its need for heroic models. And a society which seems unable convincingly to glorify those men who manifest its most representative virtues may be said to be a society which doesn't like itself very much; and this will be true so long as "organization men" and "status seekers" are not flattered when they

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are called by these names. Willy Loman's wife, exhorting us to "pay *attention* to this man" is Arthur Miller insisting that his salesman is a tragic hero because he's typical. He *is* typical, but he's also a bore. And to be typical *and* a bore is a fact very painful to face.

If, as you say, the novel (indeed, as you suggest, all of culture) is "anti-institutional" it is because the institutions are perceived as encouraging the behavior which our values (culture) do not celebrate, and sometimes actually disdain. A "decline in the attitude toward authority" means that there are no more authors or that the emperor has no clothes or, to put it more formally, that assent in the legitimacy of a power source is being withdrawn, which of course, is a conventional step in "revolutions" (many of which are not revolutions at all but an attempt to restore something perceived as lost or usurped). To all but the most intransigent authoritarian, after all, defiance is a vice or a virtue depending on what one thinks about its object. Presumably Patrick Henry and Nathan Hale (those Bonzes from our grammar school texts) experienced a decline in their attitude toward authority.

There are several ways of dealing with conflicts between practice and preachment, or social structure and values. One can choose to modify practice, to bring it into better accord with what is preached—as we are trying to do with regard to race relations. Or one can take the "sophisticated" position, and observe that all societies institutionalize duplicity, and, having observed it, begin getting used to the fact by searching for the functions of the duplicity. Or, finally, one can try to alter beliefs and values in order to bring them more into line with "the realities of the situation" (or, as Marxists would say, to get rid of "false consciousness," and thus, as Marxists would not say, reduce cognitive dissonance). In this context, irony of ironies, most of the beats are not moral avant-gardists at all, but old-fashioned moralists who prefer finding some relatively insulated niches in the social structure, relatively safe from the sort of sanctions the major institutions can invoke against their own personnel. But the practice of their old-fashioned moralities leads them, as Erving Goffman has suggested, to where the action is, to live with the sorts of danger and exploit which our moral vocabulary is well equipped to celebrate but which our social structure is ill equipped to accommodate. "Action" in this sense is found in extreme circumstances where *something* very valuable is risked (like physical safety or self-conceptions). I think that part of our ambivalence toward these *enragés* is founded in the ritual function they perform for us: we live a bit of our vicarious lives through them.

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Steven A. Jervis

A Letter from Nigeria

The end of civilian rule in Nigeria, a country regarded as a happy exception to the trend toward one-party dictatorships in newly-independent countries, has far-reaching political implications.

The popular Western version of Nigeria—a showplace of democracy in black Africa—was a thinly-disguised fraud. The vaunted multi-party system masked corrosive disunity, not creative opposition. Racked by corruption and violence, the country had been unable to hold an honest election since its independence was proclaimed in 1960. A chain of political crises divided the young nation and nearly broke it up altogether. By the time of the first post-independence general elections, December 1964, there had been an important realignment of political forces—the conflict now lay between two major groupings, the Nigerian National Alliance (NNA) which dominated the North, and the United Progressive Grand Alliance (UPGA) with its strength in the three southern regions—West, Mid-West and East. Thus the precarious coalition of North and East which had governed Nigeria since 1960 had yielded to an arrangement which, with dangerous logic, reflected the deepest of the country's many divisions: the conservative, Islamic, agrarian North versus the progressive, substantially Christian, rapidly-industrializing South. Because the Northern Region, which had controlled national politics for years, was larger than the three others combined, UPGA could not win the election without breaking NNA hegemony in the North.

As polling day approached, it became clear that UPGA would fail. The NNA had come out ahead in the pre-electoral ritual of fakery and had managed to have a fantastic 67 of its candidates declared "elected unopposed." UPGA called a last-minute boycott which had little effect outside the East and Mid-West, but did provoke a full-scale crisis at the beginning of last year. After one nerve-wracking week, punctuated by secessionist noises in the East, an agreement was reached between President Azikiwe and Prime Minister Balewa.

The Azikiwe-Balewa agreement was no solution for the country's political ills; it crumbled in its first trial, the regional elections in the West (October 1965). A series of maneuvers had placed the region in the hands of a Northern ally, the Nigerian National Democratic Party (NNDP), so that Northern power extended into the South. The election was crucial for national politics: a defeat for the NNDP, which was thought to have little popular support, would put the three southern regions under UPGA control. This would revive the possibility of a united South making inroads into the North and dominating the country—a situation which, according to the powerful Northern leader, Sir Ahmadu Bello, God would "provide a way" to upset.

But no heavenly intervention was

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required. The Western elections, the most blatantly rigged of all, produced an implausibly overwhelming NNDP triumph. Violence immediately swept through the region, seemingly initiated by furious UPGA supporters, but increasingly aggravated by political thugs in general who, no longer on party payrolls, were improvising new ways of obtaining revenue. By the beginning of January order had collapsed: cars, markets, houses—and people—were burned and destroyed, while the federal government, committed to the NNDP, did nothing but invite the Commonwealth to Lagos to talk about Rhodesia. Newspapers and plays were banned for political reasons, and it became a crime to listen to opposition radio broadcasts. As the NNA moved to consolidate its power, it seemed there would soon be little left of Nigerian democracy.

Nigeria seemed adrift, under reactionary influence from the North and affording small opportunity for the growing class of able young civil servants and university graduates. Corruption was widespread, debilitating—and accepted. Politicians built their palaces and piloted their limousines with fanfare; the "dash"—the payoff—was ubiquitous, from ten shillings for traffic police to fifty pounds for regional scholarship boards, to heaven knows how much for the men who dispensed government building contracts. Everyone knew what was happening, but few spoke out.

Then came January 15. In response to the general disorder, a small group of young army officers, led by Major Chukwuma Nzegwu, moved against the government. They swiftly killed Ahmadu Bello and the NNDP leader, Chief Akintola, abducted Prime Minister Balewa (later found dead) and assumed control at a number of points. That night there were broadcasts from the Northern capital, Kaduna, full of revolutionary fervor, announcing and demanding loyalty to a new government which would end tribalism and corruption. The next day it seemed that the revolution had failed: only Kaduna remained in rebel hands and the military commander, General Ironsi, had declared his loyalty to the federal government. But with many of its leaders dead and its power openly challenged at last, there was little government left and no popular support for it to fall back on. Shortly before midnight on January 16, the cabinet "handed over" to General Ironsi, to whom Major Nzegwu quickly surrendered. Nigeria's First Republic, with all its misplaced claims to stability and democratic procedures, had come to an end.

The "coup," as the tangled events of mid-January are known here, was a reaction not merely against the NNA rule, but against the whole rotting edifice of the First Republic. Tremendous repugnance is felt for the politicians of the past, even the North, where the death of Ahmadu Bello has so far been received with notable calm. Though all political groups, including the NNDP, rushed in with professions of delight over the change in government, party activities have been banned. The style of the military regime has been calm and business-like, self-effacing, smart but not flamboyant. There were no holidays proclaimed after the coup, no organized jubilation (compare Ghana): the country was told to prepare for hard

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work. In a widely publicized gesture the Governor of the Mid-West locked out a crowd of civil servants who arrived late for work, kept them standing in the sun several hours before castigating them and warning that "next time it would be more than just standing here." This must be contrasted with years of public slackness, inefficiency and cynicism.

Under the leadership of General Ironsi and the four young colonels he appointed to govern the regions, the military moved quickly toward reorganization and reform. Following the suspension of the old federal and regional governments, civil servants were given the powers once held by corrupt ministers. Panels were established to study economic development and constitutional changes, with emphasis on achieving the national unity so lacking under the old regime. Inefficient local councils were replaced by administrators. Land grants were revoked and lavish ministerial property recovered and sold. Yet Nigeria feels not at all like a police state. There are few troops to be seen. Almost the first act of the new government was the restoration of the banned newspapers, some of which have printed restrained but firm criticisms of federal appointments. Prospects for democracy seem better than in years.

Seem better. But there are many sources of uneasiness, starting with the very existence of the concentrated power that military government inevitably entails. General Ironsi has shown no dictatorial ambitions, but may be tempted to harshness as his task grows rougher. By April the flush of triumph had begun to wear off and distaste for the old regime gave way to questioning of the new: Why were so few politicians being put on trial? What was the military doing in fancy new barracks? And why was food getting so awfully expensive? Nigeria is an exceptionally difficult country to govern. Its fifty million people are not only subject to the strains of "rapid development"; they are also racked by hundreds of tribal divisions. It is not just a matter of North versus South: there is hardly a town or county without its ethnic complexities. The cry of the new government is Unity, but "One Nigeria" is a long way off. Already the whispering and insinuations: "The Igbos are taking over the universities." "The Yorubas control the constitutional review panel." "The Northerners are foxy and inscrutable." Similar feelings, with familiar political overtones, pervade the army itself, and this is where the most serious trouble may come. The military has its own right-wing forces, unhappy that so much conservative power has been smashed, and left-wing ones, who wonder why the fiery Major Nzegwu was clapped in jail. General Ironsi will be hard pressed to hold things together, especially if he continues to be beset with economic difficulties.

Nevertheless the army remains a source of hope. There is no tradition of armed aristocrats here, no legion of brutal professionals. The least "tribal" institution in the country, it includes a surprising number of young, idealistic and well-educated men, many of whom joined in hopes of something like January 15. It has provided a government which appears to recognize the urgency of the country's problems, and that is something new for Nigeria.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Robert Boyers

On the Sanity of Marat/Sade: In Defense of the Young Leftist

That Lionel Abel misinterpreted Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* is entirely forgiveable, though not a little pitiful considering the play's straightforwardness and clarity of intention. But that Mr. Abel should have based a criticism of contemporary culture, more particularly of modern left-wing youth, on his misinterpretation is provoking. Is it too much to ask that even Lionel Abel confront us with rational explanations of purely emotional reactions or non-reactions which he readily foists upon us? *Marat/Sade* was tedious, he says, but he never deigns to tell us why.

Mr. Abel's displeasure is traceable to a failure of sympathy and understanding. He complains, for example, of "the feebleness and platitudinousness of Marat's lines," and their subsequent failure to remove our attention from the speaker's spotted body. Of course, these are characteristics of Marat which the dramatist intends us to perceive. In Weiss's view, Marat is an impossible leftist, a revolutionary ideologue motivated by a transcendent notion of "the masses," but incapable of perceiving the distinguishing propensities of the individual human animal. Sade himself points out in the course of the play the almost ironical disparity between Marat's fantastic idealism and the realities of his own agonized physical condition. We marvel as spectators at the unreality of the platitudes and the very real suffering to which the character himself is subjected. Marat's physical condition must not, then, be conceived as standing in competition with his verbal utterances. Together they enable us better to appreciate the conflict which Weiss is eager to elucidate.

Since Mr. Abel asserts, rather than demonstrates, that *Marat/Sade* is merely theatrical, not dramatic, I shall not take the space to refute him, though someone should. His complaint that the basic confrontation of Marat and Sade is undramatic because "there is no yielding of one to the other," does require response. The drama of the play is largely provided by the tensions set up between the Parisian mob periodically chanting their irresistible demands and the two larger-than-life figures, neither of whom quite understands those he describes and prophesies about so confidently. The people are endlessly changeable, malleable, we are shown. The only thing that is certain is that they must be heard, must be given the dignity of recognition and concern. They are un-

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predictable, and their energies can never wholly be contained in any theory of total sensual gratification or program of absolute anarchy.

For Mr. Abel to demand that one party yield to the other is to make precisely the sort of ideological demand which he condemns in those who interpret madness as something of a privileged vantage point. Why must there be a yielding? If intellectually there is an unresolved tension in Weiss's play, can't Mr. Abel see that Weiss would be writing in bad faith if he had it any other way? The anguish of our most sensitive young people today stems from a peculiar awareness of urgent necessities and insurmountable obstacles. In the midst of commitment to social values and participation in social projects the young are beset by intimations of inadequacy, of a passion which cannot be rationally controlled, or channeled. Weiss has understood and conveyed their frustration.

This brings us to the crux of Mr. Abel's diatribe, consisting of various notions about the ideological status of madness in our culture, and the immorality of the ambivalent young leftist. Mr. Abel justifies his preference with a statement innocent of qualification, a statement somehow reminiscent of the English critic F. R. Leavis: "But real madmen, or persons presented as really mad, do not belong in any theater attended by people with a taste for drama." I hope I may be pardoned for not having thrown the scoundrels out when I attended Weiss's play. In any case, Abel's attempt to accuse partisans of *Marat/Sade* of "an ideological interest in the mad" is silly. I believe that Lionel Trilling is responsible for touching off a whole series of pious attacks on advocates of emotional and intellectual extremism in the arts (see Mr. Trilling's *Beyond Culture*). But where Mr. Trilling is interested in defining cultural tendencies and refining our perception of them, his followers are interested in excommunicating those with whom they feel somewhat out of touch. That immature people embrace an ethic of madness and criminality is insufficient cause to attack works of art that successfully employ madness. That the desired emotional effect of madness on an audience is vitiated, as Mr. Trilling suggests, by our being ". . . organized for the reception and accommodation of new experiences," is not to invalidate the efforts of writers to go beyond popular preparedness.

Mr. Abel observed the response of a typical audience of *Marat/Sade*, and decided that "there was a feeling in the theatre for leftism plus madness." Now isn't it too damned obvious to say that the sympathy of intelligent people confronting *Marat/Sade* is for the passion and futility of the mad, not for the superficial accoutrements of doddering erotomaniacs and paranoid schizophrenics? It is not terribly difficult to account for the current attribution of prestige to maladjusted persons in our society. Paul Goodman, for one, has had a great deal to say on this subject, and at a recent reading Robert Lowell wondered aloud at the widespread interest in his inability to cope with ordinary living. In a society efficiently organized to exact total, unconscious acquiescence in its goals and methods, the maladjusted person is a symbol of a hard core which stubbornly refuses to be se-

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duced. Mr. Abel would do well to reread Lionel Trilling's essay on "Freud: Within and Beyond Culture," in which Mr. Trilling applauds Freud's emphasis on biology as a positively liberating idea. The notion that there are instincts wholly beyond the reach of culture should give us hope. Naturally, madness is an unpleasant prospect for anyone to contemplate, and neurotic personalities are consistently engaged in one painful conflict after another. And yet, placed against the fact of society's inexorable incursions into the recesses of our private lives, against the facts of TV advertising and political consensus, we must respond warmly to those free spirits who at their peril refuse to bend, or to those forever benighted spirits who have been broken in the attempt to resist.

In other words, sensitive young people are not drawn to madness because its manifestations are colorful, nor because they wish themselves to be mad. On the contrary, awareness of the emotional maladjustment which so often accompanies intellectual dissent in Western societies, taken with the empty slogans of respectable middle-class life, is enough to inspire the young with a sense of urgency that often approaches the apocalyptic. Commitment to radical change becomes an extremely complex and frustrating experience. It is not, as Mr. Abel erringly suggests, that both Weiss and the young activist "think socialism a failure." Such an attribution is too simple; it fails to convey what we feel, which is that socialism, as a rationally organized system of social reconstruction, cannot cope with *all* of the problems that beset men today. We are committed to socialism, but also are honest enough to acknowledge that we are in a bind. We want to believe that men can be reasonable, and that once the basic needs of men can be provided they will want to live harmoniously. Can this be so? Are American socialists going to ask Vietnamese peasants to be reasonable after we have destroyed their country? Do we envision the emergence of a rational politics from the blacks of Rhodesia once they have massacred the white men who have kept them in bondage? There are more intemperate passions in this world than are dreamt of in Mr. Abel's philosophy.

Unquestionably, there are young people who permit themselves to be caught up in the hysteria of irrational demands and violent rhetoric. Irving Howe has definitely analyzed them in his essay "New Styles in Leftism," for which we should all be grateful. *Marat/Sade* in a sense comes to grips with this problem artistically. The volatile atmosphere of the play, the patent unpredictability of the mad, screaming for attention, demonstrate that an ethos of excess, a rationale of necessary violence, is likely to give way to a new rationale justifying a similar approach. Marat is unconvincing because he believes that there is a boundary to madness and to homicidal hysteria, that the lust for blood can be contained in a rational program built on the ruins of a degenerate class society.

The chaos of *Marat/Sade*, theatrically choreographed by director Peter Brook, is an emblem of man thrown together with his fellows in an almost revolting intimacy, and yet incapable of meaningful collectivization. It is Sade who relentlessly catalogues the

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isolation of man from man, in what is virtually a theory of erotic individualism. The madmen incarcerated in the Charenton asylum, in their roles as members of the Parisian mob, can be collectively mobilized only at moments of extreme provocation. Their fervor soon degenerates into a mere whining irritation as they await a new infusion of hope from tomorrow's agitator. Miss Susan Sontag has described insanity in this play as the ". . . most authentic metaphor for passion; or, what's the same thing in this case, the logical terminus of any strong emotion. . . . Being 'calm' amounts to a failure to understand one's real situation." Given the conditions of the modern world, that is, madness or at the very least maladjustment is understandable, if not desirable, particularly for those who have no sense of being able to influence their own destiny. The success of Weiss's play lies in its ability to evoke a sense of fellowship with those who suffer and clamor for change, as well as the concomitant sense that collective goals often fail to satisfy the more consuming passions which torment us. The tensions produced becauce conflicts of perception and choice are not resolved are ultimately creative in that the desired synthesis must be provided by each man for himself. We must read history with all of the critical tools available to us, and hope that we place ourselves on "the right side." Sartre has seen that man must "make himself historical in order to undertake the eternal." Otherwise we shall be caught in the act of comparing "a world without justice to a Justice without content."

Mr. Abel makes the mistake of condemning young people for believing madmen equal to philosophers. This is certainly the *coup de grâce* among an array of absurdities. Though few young people, I suppose, read Wittgenstein, they do share a common assumption concerning the profound relativism of cognition. In action they may give themselves completely to causes and movements, but within, the commitment is frequently tenuous. The conflict has nothing whatever to do with insincerity, or with a nihilistic sense of aimlessness. They are afraid to trust history, for it has proven fickle too often, and yet they are wary of philosophical purism, the morality of integrity embodied by the late Albert Camus, attractive as it may be. Like Mr. Abel, we all want to be philosophers, we are all tempted by the pious response; but unlike Mr. Abel, we would prefer to do the right thing and not worry so much about what we look like to "reasonable people," and whether responsible folks aren't offended by the marijuana smoking would-be hipsters among us. Mr. Abel's dignity seems to cry out against those who would besmirch his solemn reasonableness with occasional howls of confusion. As in any argument, pertinent distinctions must be drawn. Bring on the reign of right reason, I say, and let wisdom be dispersed among us, only let us remember that *whose* wisdom, *whose* reason it is, makes all the difference. We are waiting for the philosopher who will at once ratify our sense of reality, complex and shifting, and permit us to transcend the limitations of historical necessity.

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Lionel Abel

In Answer to George P. Eliot and Robert Boyers

It is a pleasure to be commended by George P. Elliot,* whose style is quite as good when he praises as when he is finding fault. Elliot finds this fault in my *Marat/Sade* piece: I went too far, he claims, in my argument. (Later, he asks me to go further still. I shall.) Why, according to him, did I go too far? Because I said that no one to be respected can answer "yes" to these questions: Does God exist? Is human life perfectible? Now Elliot knows someone who says God exists and who is indeed to be respected: W. H. Auden. Elliot goes on: "There are people whom I respect who do not believe that God exists or that society is perfectible, but who can and do assert that the philosopher is better than the drug addict, the criminal, or the madman." Maybe Elliot respects these people; he ought not to respect them as philosophers. They cannot defend the conviction they hold—this was the point of my article. As for Auden, of course I respect him, especially for his early poetry; also for the sophistication of his critical writings. But I do not particularly respect his assertion that God exists, nor do I even think he ever said so with conviction. Auden's belief in God, if indeed he believes in Him, seems to me to be quite conventional. And I am inclined to agree with what Jean Wahl once said of Christianity, in praise of it, to be sure: "Whoever takes Christianity seriously is bound to become a heretic." But if Auden never said anything about God which I could take seriously, I have to concede that Karl Barth did. In a lecture on humanism, he said: "I do not believe in the humanism of man, I believe in the humanism of God." But then neither Barth, nor Auden, speaks out of—or for—this epoch. Who today would ask Auden: What should I do?

But Elliot thinks that I have not made my own position clear; he also thinks that I did not complete my argument: ". . . he has not proved his case and he has to, once he raises the question."

On my position: I shall probably always adhere to a humanist view even if I cannot defend that view. But when I cannot defend that view, I shall not pretend I can. And do I really have to complete my argument? But since it was based on one given by Kojève, I think I should complete it as he did his, and for this I must use new terms.

Suppose we are asked to choose between (1) consciousness involving much unhappiness and (2) happiness involving much unconsciousness. How could we make a rational choice? Are not happiness and consciousness equal values?

For my part I think I would always choose (1), but I must admit I could never refute someone's choice of (2). A fully attractive position on this matter would have to assert that consciousness and happiness are not contradictory. They are not, indeed, in the vision of God, nor in the contemplation of human affairs in a perfected society.

* Dissent, May–June 1966.

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Aside from these possibilities, I must agree with what the Old Testament, a truthful book, tells us: "Increase of wisdom is increase of sorrow." Now the person who claims the drug addict is not inferior to the philosopher is simply indicating a preference for happiness with unconsciousness as against consciousness with unhappiness, and this preference of his I concede to be irrefutable. Let Elliot refute it if he can.

Elliot thinks I still have to attack the young leftists, but here is Robert Boyers insisting that I have already attacked them. He also asserts that I based a "criticism of contemporary culture, more particularly of modern left-wing youth" on my "misinterpretation" of Peter Weiss's play. Did I?

I said that the play appealed to a fellow-feeling for the mad in the audience, among whom I imagined there were many young or would-be young leftists; and I said further that young leftists do nowadays have a fellow-feeling for the mad. I said, too, that such a feeling of sympathy with the mad was in my opinion ideological. Having characterized this judgment of mine as "silly," also as a "diatribe consisting of various ridiculous notions about the ideological status of madness in our culture," Mr. Boyers goes on to justify a fellow-feeling for the insane among the young, and to justify it how?—ideologically. He writes: "In the midst of commitment to social values and participation in social projects, the young are beset by intimations of inadequacy, of a passion which cannot be rationally controlled or channeled." He goes on: "Placed against the fact of society's inexorable incursions into the recesses of our private lives, against the fact of TV advertising and political consensus, we must respond warmly to those free spirits who at their peril refuse to bend or to those *forever benighted spirits who have been broken in the attempt to resist.*" (My italics.) Does Robert Boyers think that these words of his are "silly"? They do indicate an ideological interest in madness. But then why does he call me "silly" for having known just how he thinks even before I ever heard of him?

Boyers claims that I asserted rather than demonstrated *Marat/Sade* to be "merely theatrical, not dramatic." In fact I gave no less than four arguments: (1) there was never a moment of yielding of the one to the other during the lengthy discussion between Marat and Sade; (2) the arguments of both were platitudinous; (3) there was no real *coup de théâtre* in the play; (4) the mad—almost every character in *Marat/Sade* is mad—are theatrical, not dramatic. Insisting that I did not really argue the point, Boyers writes: I shall not take the space to refute him, though someone should. . . ." Now what would there be for someone to refute if I gave no arguments? And if I did say something to be refuted, why call on someone else to do it?

What bothers me most, though, about Robert Boyers is his seeming lack of sincerity. I did not attack the young leftists in my piece on *Marat/Sade*, though I did criticize the play: and Irving Howe did attack the young leftists in his article on the New Left, an article for which Robert Boyers declares that he is grateful. As a matter of fact, in my own piece, though with a certain nuance for which I feel no

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need to apologize, I defended the young leftists as against Howe's criticism. All this should be clear to anyone who is not ready to change, for the purpose of argument, what he has read in a text.

One last point. Robert Boyers, who begins by accusing me of misinterpreting *Marat/Sade*—I offered no interpretation of the play, rather I interpreted the audience's response to it—has for his part misinterpreted all my remarks about philosophy and reason. I did not say that people ought to be reasonable, or that they ought to be philosophers. I said something very different: that there is no logic on the basis of which one can today tell people to be reasonable or philosophical. I even said that there is no logic for asserting today that the philosopher is superior to the madman, the criminal, or the dope addict. (George P. Elliot did understand that this is what I said.) Yet Boyers interprets these judgments of mine as adding up to an old-fashioned admonition to the young to be reasonable. Did he really misunderstand me to this point? I cannot believe it. But he must have missed something in my statements, and something which I suspect is dearer to him than clarity. In my judgment that madmen cannot today be called inferior to the philosopher, there was no fellow-feeling for the mad. None whatever. I thought it was too bad that one cannot call madmen inferior, also dope addicts and criminals, and I indicated that I would have liked to do just that. No doubt, it was this difference in feeling which impelled Robert Boyers to set down his garbled and self-refuting criticism of what I wrote.

Herbert A. Simon

The Automation Bogy

Since liberalism has a long agenda of needed action, it is crucial that we put the important items first, and not be diverted by imaginary bogiemen. Criers of alarm—notable among them Don Michael, Mary Alice Hilton, Robert Heilbroner, and now Ben Seligman—preaching cybernation and the Triple Revolution, have sought a place for automation toward the top of the agenda. They picture for us a future in which we must choose between eating to the vomiting point (although, since we shall be jobless, we won't be able to buy food) or droning through our days in the boredom of unwanted leisure.

Ben Seligman is unpersuaded, I take it, that the arguments presented in my *Shape of Automation* show that this picture is wrong, and that we may dismiss automation from the list of items calling urgently for social action. His caricature of my book (now available in paperback) is so gross that I can only suggest that anyone who wants to know what I *really* said will have to take time to read its first fifty pages. I cannot repeat the arguments at length here, and I see no reason to revise

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them after studying Mr. Seligman's criticisms. As an example of his accuracy in reporting, he accuses me of attributing to agriculture "most of the recent gains" in productivity, then shows how foolish this view is. Of course no such view is taken in my book (nor one that could remotely be mistaken for it). Since he gives no page reference, I am unable even to imagine how he got that idea.

Mr. Seligman's next bout of windmill tilting aims at the doctrine of comparative advantage, which, as he demonstrates throughout his essay, he fails to understand. In my book, I use the principle for the limited and legitimate purposes of (1) showing that full employment is *compatible with* (i.e., not inconsistent with) any level of productivity of men and machines, and (2) assessing what shifts are likely to take place in the profile of demand for occupations and skills as automation progresses. I did *not* use the doctrine of comparative advantage to prove that "technological innovation is severely limited in its power to spread," hence Mr. Seligman's impassioned refutation is simply irrelevant: The doctrine of comparative advantage does not assume, by the way, "fixed proportions of capital and labor" as Mr. Seligman claims.

Finally, Mr. Seligman has a go at my little algebraic exercise. This algebraic analysis demonstrates the highly important point that, under any reasonable assumptions about the capital-saving and labor-saving character of technological change, wage rates, and not the rate of interest, will capture all of the gains. I myself would be suspicious of such an optimistic conclusion, however rigorous the algebra, if it did not accord so strikingly with the historical facts. During the past forty years of rapid technological progress, labor's share of the pie of national products has grown from about 72% to 78%, while capital's share has shrunk from 28% to 22%, with no trend of increase in unemployment.

Mr. Seligman's attack on the algebra is again a masterpiece of irrelevancy, for it has nothing to do with what the algebra was intended to prove. He points out, in short, that *if* labor is not employed, or *if* the economy operates at less than full productivity, labor won't prosper. In logic, this kind of proposition is called a "counterfactual conditional" and is comparable with statements like "If Napoleon had won the Battle of Waterloo . . . "

Mr. Seligman's real objections are all implicit. He wants to deny that more than a century of history, during which productivity rose almost continually without causing any long-term downward trend in employment, and during which the labor share of total product also rose, has any predictive value for the future. He wants to deny that our government has learned how to manage the monetary and fiscal system and the budget so as to maintain a high level of demand and avoid continuing large-scale unemployment. He gives no reason for his denial of history—except that not to deny it would be to deny Marx "in whose system technology appeared as a fundamental disruptive force." Whether government can maintain full employment is surely a discussable question, but one that has little relation to whether there is or isn't technological change, is or isn't automation. Any level of employment is compatible with any

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level of productivity of an economy; if that were not so, socialism and capitalism would be equally empty of hope.

Within the past few years, a number of careful attempts have been made to assess the probable economic *and* social effects of automation on our society. One was Mr. Silberman's analysis published in *Fortune*; a second was my *Shape of Automation*. On the empirical side, we have, among others, the studies of Kendrick and Sato. Now comes the President's Committee on Automation, with distinguished representatives from labor, business, and university economics, reaching substantially the same conclusions as the previous investigators, after a thorough review of the earlier work as well as extensive new studies. Mr. Seligman can point to no comparable comprehensive factual or theoretical analyses that support his side of the argument. He can point only to hysterical warnings that, for ten years or more, have proclaimed imminent mass unemployment that remains (thank goodness) always just around the corner.

Automation and technological change do not threaten liberal progress. On the contrary, they have rescued man from perpetual serfdom; have put food in his mouth. They have made it possible, for the first time, to talk realistically of a world free from poverty. Those who cry alarm about automation are the real reactionaries, condoning featherbedding and loom wrecking, luring us with their Luddite fears into diversion from the genuinely urgent problems that face us. We must not allow ourselves to be either distracted or lulled by their cries of "wolf"—tiresomely repeated decade after decade. If the wolf comes, his name may be Pestilence, Famine, War, or Death. It will not be Automation.

A Reply by Ben B. Seligman

One supposes that when raw nerves are exposed there will be some sort of reaction. All too often such reactions are like the flailing of arms by a patient in a dentist's chair. Mr. Simon behaves like the patient.

Mr. Simon's desire to avoid certain facts of life permits him to rank the problems of our society in an extraordinarily orderly fashion, somewhat like the display of tinned food in a supermarket. Liberals may then behave like consumers in an economics textbook by selecting whatever problem personally brings them the greatest marginal utility. Unfortunately, the social and economic problems of our time do not allow such an easy "program." What Mr. Simon thinks to be a low priority frequently exhibits urgency because it has a close relationship to some other matter at the top of his ladder of priorities.

Technological change does have some connection with the patent fact that Negroes have the roughest time getting and keeping jobs and it does have some connection with the kind of education our society proposes to offer to coming generations. If Mr. Simon wishes to relegate these matters

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to the day we attain Utopia that is his privilege. Most "liberals" do persist in raising the issues of monopoly, mass transportation, corruption, advertising, poverty and mental illness, together with those of the Bomb, Vietnam, and Negro inequality because all of them afflict society *today*. And all too often the failure to solve one means a failure to solve another. The orderly mentality that insists that poverty is less important than Negro inequality appears rather strange, for the patent fact is that these two questions are in large part one and the same.

As for the specific points raised in my piece, the agricultural productivity argument may be explicit in Daniel Bell's view, but it seems to me quite *implicit* in Mr. Simon's description of technical change. His main complaint, however, is with my set of alternative equations, which in fact he does not disprove. He characterizes them "as if" propositions: yet the conditions toward which they point have existed in the recent past. Mr. Simon's memory seems to have been short-circuited by his fascination with algebra. Furthermore, if he had read the entire article, rather than the few paragraphs on himself, he would have noted that I do acknowledge the phenomenon of increasing real wage rates. The context, however, is quite different from Simon's euphoria: my argument makes it clear that under conditions of rapid technological change not everyone included under the rubric "labor" enjoys increasing real wage rates.

The consequence is that, from the standpoint of a distribution theory, labor's long-run share may tend to be constant, rather than increasing. There is a fair accumulation of empirical data, totally ignored by Simon, to suggest just such "constancy." The latter has been noted by quite a number of economists, among them Sidney Weintraub of the University of Pennsylvania. His data command enough attention to suggest that Simon by no means has the last word. If, indeed, Professor Weintraub is right, then obviously something is awry with Simon's algebra. (Robert Heilbroner, in a review of Mr. Simon's volume in the *New York Review of Books* also detected grave deficiencies in his algebraic formulations.)

Let me repeat, Mr. Simon's formula is a statement about income distribution which confuses wage rates and wages and says nothing about the level of employment. As a statement about the latter, it is utterly irrelevant. It is quite true that "any level of employment is compatible with any level of productivity": I say as much in the very first equation which tries to clarify some of Bell's propositions. But then one is obligated in a discussion of technology to say something *about* the level of employment or one hasn't said very much. The virtue of my exercise in algebra is that it points to long-run contingencies of unemployment as a result of technology, an issue that is obscured in Simon's magnificent model.

The distributive effect of the Simon model is predicated on absolute stability in the rate of interest. Would one be uncharitable to inquire as to the present state of affairs? What happens to the marvelous proposition that labor gets all the gravy, now that interest rates are moving upward? One might also ask what Simon means by "full productivity": I'd always thought

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that productivity was simply a rate. Perhaps he meant "full capacity"? Well, it is clear that labor generally suffers when the economy operates at less than full capacity, but one cannot detect that from Simon's distribution model. He would no doubt say that this is not part of the argument, or that he is really talking about something else—such as securing full employment regardless of the "level of productivity." My point is that a high rate of productivity growth, such as has been experienced in recent years, requires an even more rapid expansion in output to insure full employment. Further, there is no necessary connection between productivity and gains in output, as was so clearly demonstrated in the Eisenhower years, when output did not move fast enough to provide full employment.

Now, says Simon, I misstate his use of the notion of comparative advantage. If I do, I suppose so does Bell, since I initially responded to the latter's interpretation of Simon, which I find on rereading was not so terribly awry. That the "law" of comparative advantage is used as an argument to suggest limitations on the spread of technology is clearly stated by Simon, pp. 32–33. My argument is that no such restraint exists, that the competition, as it were, is not between tasks and machines, but rather between men and machines, with the latter absorbing tasks. Persuasive support for my position may be derived from the later chapters in Simon's book, as well as from some of his other writings, in which he describes himself as a technological radical.

As for my alleged misunderstanding of comparative advantage, I would refer Mr. Simon to the original literature or to the formulation of the simple model of international trade to be found, say, in Bertil Ohlin's work. The theory sought to explain such trade despite international barriers; but within a single economy such as ours, no such impediments exist. It is patent that the version of comparative advantage on which both Bell and Simon rely is the simple one I described in my article. There are more complicated versions, none of which impinges in the slightest on Simon's use of the theory.

Mr. Simon includes in his book a parable of the horse and the tractor. He describes how Old Dobbin disappeared because the terms of trade in a sense turned against him as a result of mechanization. What Mr. Simon does not want to concede is that the same effects can be visited upon certain types of workers, as indeed they already have for coal miners, large numbers of packing-house workers, and those with minimal skills.

I commend to Mr. Simon's attention an article in the April, 1966, *Scientific American* by Anne Carter on "The Economics of Technological Change." Mrs. Carter attempts to gauge the effect of technology by comparing input-output tables for the United States for 1947 and 1958. The article verifies the fact that sectors of the economy once supplying large numbers of jobs have declined markedly. Moreover, the declining utilization of raw materials generated half as many jobs in 1958 as might have been required in 1947 to do the same work. Mr. Simon simply doesn't grasp the fact that a heavy human cost is involved in such shifts. It is small

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consolation to a worker to be told that when society no longer needs his drill press skills, he can wait a couple of generations to become a floorwalker in a department store.

I have no "objections" to the new technology of which Mr. Simon is such an enthusiastic prophet. I'm half resigned to the frightful prospect of men with orderly minds running our society and telling us what we ought to do, while at the same time feeding us enough tranquilizers to make us retch. I have reasons to see more in our history than Simon, in his headlong rush into the world of the computer, would care to examine. He obviously is too busy building the future to worry about consequences. While Simon hails a new world of androids, he assures us that it will make *menschen* of us all.

As for the Automation Commission to which Simon appeals, it was indeed composed of distinguished figures, but that did not insure a sensible report. The latter is a mish-mash of contradictory statements: half the report adopts the Simon position, which I criticized in my article, while the other half proposes a panoply of measures to meet the *threat* of technological change! Moreover, we don't know what the extensive new reports of the Commission have to say, since, as of this writing, the 41 documents have not yet been published. The report of the Automation Commission is neither fish nor fowl: it is a document intended to make everyone happy.

CORRECTION: Please note that the equation which appeared on p. 251 of our May-June issue (in Ben Seligman's article "On Theories of Automation") should read:

$$U = L - \frac{GNP}{PxH}$$

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BOOKS

George Eckstein

Apropos In Cold Blood

IN COLD BLOOD, by Truman Capote. New York: Random House. 343 pp. $5.95.

Truman Capote's meticulous story of a quadruple murder on the Kansas plain, its instant success, and some of the critical reactions to it raise a number of thoughts and questions. To take the success first, can it primarily be attributed to skillful merchandising? Doubtful; if that were so, more books—or, for that matter, toothpastes or movies—would be successful. There must be *some* kind of merit in the "product" for it to have caught on. Now unquestionably the writing is very skillful, but I submit that the major reason for the appeal of this "nonfiction novel" lies in the particular way in which its subject matter is treated. This treatment reflects a new attitude toward crime, toward murder, that has developed during the last two decades and most significantly during the last few years. In various guises, we can trace this attitude in quite different cultural documents; it has been perhaps most conspicuous in the fields of film and literature. It is, obviously, behind the James Bond vogue, and behind many of the New Wave pictures (*Breathless, Don't Shoot the Piano Player* to name just a few). It manifests itself, in different ways, in Camus' fiction and in those works of the concentration camp literature which manage to handle their terrible subject with fierce matter-of-factness (e.g., Jorge Semprun's *The Long Voyage,* Piotr Rawicz's *Blood from the Sky*). The same attitude makes Claude Brown's "non-fiction novel" *Manchild in the Promised Land* so much more effective than its numerous predecessors.

The most striking quality of this new attitude is its curious detachment: the "cool" approach, unsentimental, almost beyond cynicism, yet far from indifferent. There is a notable absence of outright moral judgment, a clinical curiosity, at times mixed with childlike wonder, at others with worldly knowledgeability.

Like war, crime has, in this attitude, become a "job" to be judged by the competence of its execution; it evokes neither sociopsychological justification nor moral reprobation. Technique and organization take over, and it all tends to become an exercise, a game, like the value-free mathematical exercises of our strategists of deterrence. The interposition of ever more technical and organizational apparatus increases the distance between the victim and his killer, who becomes more

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and more a technician or a bureaucrat "doing his job." In this general atmosphere surrounding the exercise of violence in our time, the element of estrangement enters also into those cases where the killing is done on an intimate scale.

Another typical feature is *gratuitousness.* This lack of cause or justification was the dominant feature of the Kennedy-Oswald-Ruby chain or, rather, the sequence of events. The careful planning that went into the murder of the Clutter family cannot erase that same element from *In Cold Blood,* and the sordid "happening" in Dallas, which highlighted the extent to which violence had become part of our lives, is probably to some extent responsible for the appeal of Truman Capote's story of a murder. In both events the accidental features provide a good part of the dramatic shock, and Capote's skillful "cutting" between the stories of the murderers and that of the victims puts a strong stress on the gratuitous.

Related to the gratuitous is the *incongruous:* it probably never has been quite absent in similar deeds. But today we dwell on it, because in a way it has become our mode of existence. Perry Smith solicitously placing a pillow under Clutter's head not long before slicing his throat and preventing his companion from raping the doomed girl; the laughing fit after the deed that had lost its entire *raison d'être* since there had been no safe with cash—did we not encounter the same kind of incongruity with the S.S. doctors who treated prisoners for frostbite or handed out candies to the kiddies before sending them to the gas chambers? Do we not find it closer to home, in our alternation of aid and defoliation in Vietnam? The list is endless. Our time (and our daily *Times*) is full of examples.*

Little wonder, then, that the old moral attitude toward crime and criminals has been eroded. Maybe we ought to maintain it, when it comes to the destruction of human life. But, in the context of our time and society, there is something grating about that slightly superior moral attitude shown by some commentators toward the two murderers, and about their reproaching Capote for "making them too human." In such a view of the criminal and the crime there is still reflected the concept of the neat separation of "good" and "bad," of "their" world and "ours," both in the social and the psychological sense. There is also implicit in such an attitude that ominous view of the other as a being of a different kind (Jew, murderer, Vietcong, Negro, White) against whom ultimately anything is permissible.

We may excuse these murderers up to a point because of their "tough luck," but we lack the imagination to realize what it means to live in abject poverty, in utter frustration; and sixty-six years after *The Interpretation of Dreams* we still like to close our minds to their own abysses. Nor do we like to be reminded, by a Truman Capote or by a Hannah Arendt, of the deeds of which man is capable.

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* Closely connected to incongruousness is the victim's inability to realize that his persecutor means business and, just as many Jews were incredulous about their own impending extermination, so Clutter was unable to believe that Smith and Hickok were actually going to kill him.

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Capote succeeds superbly in making us "know" these two young men precisely because he does not draw any conclusions from the facts he has unearthed about their lives, and—what is more—because he comes to them free alike of moralizing and of pity. But if we no longer condemn these men for moral reasons, it has also become too pat and too simple to blame it all on "society." Society, by way of poverty and deprivation, is unquestionably playing a large part, but we do not expect murder to disappear along with poverty. The deepest lesions and frustrations may not necessarily stem from material deprivation after all.

Must we then accept these men as they are? In a way, yes; at least in the sense that we cannot reach them at all unless we do so, and that we cannot begin to do something about their condition, and ours, until we have reached that point. By then it becomes relevant to have a closer look at the nature of their crime, and at the two criminals, and then it becomes clear that their crimes differ radically.

Perry Smith, the Irish-Indian outcast, son of vagabonds and a vagabond himself, deeply hurt and frustrated in his repeated attempts to form genuine human relationships and to rise out of utter poverty; his crime is an act of rebellion *against* his society. Dick Hickok, on the other hand, from a good middle-class family, the con man, is the salesman in a society of salesmen; his motive is greed, easy riches, just like his society's. His crime is the crime *of* his society: "trying to get away with murder."

On the Genesis of Stalinism

POWER AND THE SOVIET ELITE: "THE LETTER OF AN OLD BOLSHEVIK" AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Boris I. Nicolaevsky; edited by Janet D. Zagoria. New York: Praeger. 275 pp. $6.95.

In the 1930's, when it became unwise—even dangerous—for Soviet historians to concern themselves with Russian revolutionary history, the custodianship of this profession passed to a dwindling group of emigrés. The greatest representative of the exiled historiography is Boris I. Nicolaevsky —historian, journalist, archivist, and Social Democrat (Menshevik). The extent of Nicolaevsky's influence and the impact of his research is immense. It is reflected in dozens of Western studies, many of which owe a large part of their achievement to his knowledge and private archives. This volume is a small selection of his writings on Soviet politics, or, more properly, on Stalinism, its rise and departure.

Two of the items are really historical documents. One is "The Letter of an Old Bolshevik," a narrative describing events within the Soviet leadership between 1932 and 1936, written on the basis of conversations with Nikolai Bukharin in Paris in 1936, and reprinted here after almost thirty

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years. Its companion piece is a new interview with Nicolaevsky, explaining the circumstances of his meetings with Bukharin, the exact origins of the "Letter," and containing additional information. Another section consists of Nicolaevsky's essays on the murder of Kirov and events leading to the purges. The other essays deal with Stalin's last years, the purging of the purgers, and de-Stalinization.

Nicolaevsky's findings on the post-Stalin era have passed into our general knowledge of these years. This is not yet true of the materials concerning the thirties. It is still possible to read in otherwise instructive histories that with his victory over Bukharin's Right Opposition in 1929 Stalin emerged a virtually unchallenged leader, and that from this time Stalinism as a political and social phenomenon developed without serious interruption. Nicolaevsky's materials indicate otherwise. Stalinism did not come to Russia in a single act. As with all profound social transformations, the old order, in this instance old Bolshevism, was not easily erradicated; for almost a decade a muted contest ranged within the Soviet leadership. Stalin finally resolved the matter irrevocably, with the purges.

The first serious division in the new Stalinist majority occurred in 1932. At issue was Stalin's demand that the death penalty be applied to Mikhail Riutin, an old Bolshevik, who had circulated a clandestine program describing Stalin as "the evil genius of the Revolution" who "had brought the Revolution to the verge of ruin." The appearance of opposition in the Politbureau is surprising only if Stalin's victory of 1929 is seen as an absolute triumph giving the victor a policy-making *carte blanche*. In fact Stalin had obtained a mandate of sorts to inaugurate a specific program, which as defined in 1928–29 was neither unreasonable nor overly adventurous. It called for a moderate increase in collectivization and industrialization, and at the outset commanded genuine enthusiasm within the Party. What then happened is well-known. By 1932 the government was at war with the peasantry, discontent and rebellion were rampant. Bukharin's prediction of 1928—"he will have to drown the rebellions in blood"—became a reality. The original program had been abandoned almost immediately and replaced by one of total collectivization. Stalin, as Nicolaevsky points out, ruled by *faits accomplis*. As a result, by 1932 his majority had eroded.

Successful opposition in the Riutin affair was led by Kirov, head of the Leningrad Party organization and an important member of the original Stalinist majority. Stalin's defeat was not decisive, but it symbolized the growing consensus that a change in policy was needed. 1933 brought a good harvest; conditions in the country improved and Stalin's position was strengthened. It seemed a favorable time to consider a new orientation. The mood found support in the Politbureau and again its spokesman in Kirov.

Advocates of change concentrated on three major issues. First was the recurring question of using the death penalty against oppositionists within the Party. A cardinal assumption of Bolshevism had been that this should be avoided at all costs; the new group defended this tradition.

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The second and third issues concerned domestic and foreign policy. Kirov argued that Hitler's rise posed a new threat of war against the Soviet Union and that for this contingency the Soviet government must normalize its relations with the peasantry as well as with former Party oppositionists. An alliance with the Nazi regime was not viewed as a legitimate alternative, and again Kirov's group stood for an important Bolshevik tradition—antifascism.

During the following two years, this outlook of "reconciliation with the people" gained increasing support. Simultaneously, Kirov's stature and popularity grew. The 17th Party Congress and the following plenum represented a tentative victory for the new policy. Kirov was appointed to the Party Secretariat, previously Stalin's stronghold, and returned to Leningrad scheduled to take up soon his new duties in Moscow. On December 1, 1934, he was assassinated. Nicolaevsky presents, in masterly detail, the case for Stalin's complicity in the murder. He writes: "The duel between Stalin and Kirov was over. The struggle for Kirov's grand plan still continued, and there were still some tense moments, but Stalin's victory was already assured. Kirov's place in the Secretariat was filled by Yezhov."

What does this account of the 1932–34 period tell us more generally about the rise of Stalinism? Some writers, going beyond the limits of the evidence, find Stalin confronted with a vast, irreconcilable opposition which eventually included a majority of the Party and military leadership. In this version, Stalin faced constant threats of a *coup d'état;* he conducted the purges in order to survive. But the evidence fails to support this view. Nor does it explain how an opposition of such magnitude could have failed, or how Stalin managed, in almost leisurely fashion, to eliminate his imagined enemies. He did not strike in the dark of a single night, as did Hitler, but with ample forewarning over a period of years. The public trials continued from 1936 to 1938, the purges up to the outbreak of war. Stalin's motives, as Robert C. Tucker pointed out in these pages (DISSENT, Spring 1965), were more complicated.

From Nicolaevsky's materials there emerges a radically new concept of opposition within the Soviet leadership. Until 1929, opposition included the mobilization of large organizations against the prevailing policy. On different occasions the Leningrad and Moscow Party machines, as well as the trade union leadership, had done battle with central Party organs. Now the arena of conflict was confined to the central organs. Furthermore, by 1929 opposition platforms had explicitly called for Stalin's removal. The situation now was quite different, as the "Letter" explains: "The struggle . . . differed very greatly from similar conflicts in the past. Whereas formerly all forms of opposition had been opposition *against* Stalin and for his removal from the post of Party chief, there was now no longer any question of such removal. The groupings were not for or against Stalin. Everyone emphasized tirelessly his devotion to Stalin. It was rather *a fight for influence over Stalin,* a fight for his soul, so to speak."

It is important to recognize that this new form of opposition, under normal circumstances, should have

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been tolerable in a way that the opposition of the twenties was not. Its policies were in the interests of the Soviet Union and not, by definition, anti-Stalinist. Prior to Kirov's murder, Stalin himself did not indiscriminately reject them. Instead, he was "very reserved." That eventually he would have decided in their favor is doubtful, particularly in light of Kirov's inclination towards a pro-Western, anti-fascist orientation. Also, we should recall Bukharin's observation that Stalin possessed a genius for administering the right political dosage at the proper time. But this does not alter the fact that by 1934 the mode of decision-making showed signs of approximating that which had prevailed under Lenin. Here, however, was the rub.

The Politbureau members were willing to allow Stalin to be "the Lenin of today," as long as he was that and no more. As they understood it, and rightly so, the status of *primus inter pares* did not convey unlimited and arbitrary power. In this context, their opposition is more properly seen as a form of resistance to Stalin's growing power over the Party and his style of rule by *faits accomplis.* By seeking to restrain and limit him, rather than to depose him, they seriously misjudged their man. Even after Kirov's assassination this attitude continued; the "Letter" provides a clue as to its fatal miscalculation. "All that was necessary . . . was for Stalin's acute crisis of morbid distrust to pass... He has a weakness for such adulation and his vengefulness can be appeased only by huge doses of flattery... We must learn to forgive these trifles..." These "trifles" proved to be the decisive factor.

Finally, Nicolaevsky's talks with Bukharin give us a rare glimpse into the last years of this tragic figure. A symbol of Bolshevik ideals in the final resistance to Stalinism, his guarded remarks indicate what it was that distinguished the original revolutionary vision from the new order. Always a man of private fears and public optimism, Bukharin revealed his fear that developments in Soviet Russia might come to parallel the rise of "anti-humanist Nazism" in Germany. He spoke of the "mass annihilation" of collectivization, the "dehumanization" of the Party, the descent of an "iron heel," and of systems of "permanent coercion." It was as the last Bolshevik that he told Nicolaevsky, "Throughout the history of mankind many evil deeds have been committed in the name of humanism. We must resolutely dissociate ourselves from such abuses."

The process by which Russian Bolshevism was transformed into Stalinism has yet to be fully and properly studied. That it is possible is due to a large extent to Mr. Nicolaevsky's efforts.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

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Mental Hospitals vs. Human Freedom

PSYCHIATRIC IDEOLOGIES AND INSTITUTIONS, by Anselm Strauss, Leonard Schatzman, Rue Bucher, Danuba Ehrlich, Melvin Sabshin. New York: Free Press. 418 pp. $8.50.

The state mental hospital system, which took shape in the late 19th century, was extravagantly heralded as a cheap and humane solution for the problem of mental illness. But this high hope proved unjustified: the mental hospital merely became a repository for increasing numbers of social rejects whose subordination to hospital life was assured by rigid discipline and authoritarian organization. Strauss and his co-workers, in their book *Psychiatric Ideologies and Institutions,* demonstrate how the language of psychiatry provides an overarching metaphor of medical treatment which binds together the institutional apparatus of the mental hospital.

The American mental hospital, like any social institution, works within a framework of custom and convention. By law and common consent, care for those officially declared mentally disturbed is entrusted to institutions administered by the medical profession. It is only logical to find there the prevailing theories of mental disorder couched in medical imagery: these embrace "doctors" and "patients," and "therapies" which halt or reverse the course of the "illness" or fail to keep the person from "regressing." Over all floats an esoteric, "dynamic" terminology which pretends to deeper interpretation of "symptoms" than shallow common sense can reach.

The medical view of mental illness has the plausibility of symmetry and authority, but at best it engages only tangentially those aspects of mental disorder which do not fit the "disease" metaphor. Moreover, psychiatrists do more than diagnose illness. They act as judges who certify insanity and give expert testimony in pre-trial psychiatric examinations which alter the status of persons whose behavior is offensive, burdensome, puzzling to others, or who have otherwise come to the attention of the courts.

Doctors in mental institutions are confronted not merely with a spectrum of illnesses waiting to be treated, but with a mass of captive humans, many of whom deny that they are ill and live only to regain their freedom. The role of warden inevitably is grafted onto that of psychiatrist-as-therapist. The two roles are incompatible. As therapist the doctor needs the voluntary assistance of his patients to treat them; but as a member of the hospital staff he must face questions of authority, discipline, and social control of the same patients. The psychiatrist, in his hospital and court roles, becomes the benevolent despot who recruits and rules a small but self-contained fiefdom of dependent subjects. To be sure, the despot is a scientist, his rulings are psychiatric generalizations and his motives are theoretically disinterested. But the mental hospital is no democracy; the patients have no rights but only "privileges."

The administrative staff, however,

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is not likely to invoke the language of political authoritarianism to describe their actions, for they view themselves as healers, not jailers. The authors of the present monograph show how the paradox is translated into action by the staff: the language of psychiatric analysis is used to conceal the directives of authority. In the authors' words: "Virtually all the terminology used by and to nurses, except for certain strictly psychiatric terms like 'hallucination' has dual meanings." Further, "The physicians themselves play into this ubiquitous lingual system, because they use these very terms as a shorthand for giving both orders and managerial suggestions." This routinized equivocation, similar to what George Orwell might have called "double-speak," apparently works well enough in blurring the distinction between authoritative command and therapeutic diagnosis.

The problems of dealing with mental disorders within an institutional context are best illustrated in situations where the aims of social control and therapy cannot be easily reconciled. Two such situations are examined by the authors: one a large state hospital, the other a small psychiatric wing of a private general hospital.

The state hospital faces overwhelming logistic problems in caring for its 4000 patients—inadequate staff, crowded facilities, meager budget. It must emphasize order, discipline and decorum—in short, social control—and has few resources left for "therapy." Institutional requirements are clearly and systematically expressed in contrasting moral categories applied to patients and wards (worker or idle, tidy or untidy, ambulatory or bedridden). No pretense is made of linking these terms to psychiatry; work, self-care and mobility are explicitly geared to organizational efficiency and survival. The rhetoric of therapy is suppressed, except for the acute treatment wards.

In the private hospital things are different, yet the same in a different way. Staffing and financial support are ample. Treatment or therapy is the conscious aim of the institution. Hospital wards become "therapeutic milieux" and nurses and aides serve as accessories to the over-all therapeutic plans of the psychiatrist. Given this heavy commitment to treatment, it is not surprising that the language of authority is de-emphasized. Its use would be inconsistent with the professed aims of the institution. However, coercion in a subtle form remains a steady feature of the patient's life. He must learn to define himself as sick in order to play his role vis-à-vis his therapist; hospital privileges are the reward for patients who "respond well to firm controls," and patients find it impossible to influence or choose their therapists. The authors thoroughly dispel any suspicion that the therapist-patient relation is a mutual and candid exchange. They compare psychotherapy as practiced in hospitals to an elaborate game of chess—with the patients the pawns.

Strauss and his co-workers, despite a professed neutrality concerning their subject matter ("there are no villains in this place") disparage the patient's uncomplimentary view of the hospital and tacitly accept the reality of hos-

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pital life as defined by the medical staff. This is their reply to the numerous critics of the state mental hospital, both ex-patients and social scientists, who have condemned the system as punitive, cruel and degrading: "Viewing an institution with middle-class ideals of privacy, human dignity and independence, these observers are understandably horrified by what they see—and pose their humanistic orientation against the custodialism of the state hospital." But this completely misses the point at issue. Responsible critics of the mental hospital and psychiatry are *not* primarily concerned with custodialism — overcrowding, mass diets and the material regimentation of life in the hospital. They are concerned with the *injustice* of confining people who have broken no laws nor been tried for illegal acts. Only the insensitive can ignore the Star Chamber atmosphere of commitment proceedings, where a person is tried for what he is ("mentally ill") rather than for what he has done; in the course of which he is usually forced to undergo a psychiatric examination which may seal his fate with a verdict that he is "sick," followed by an indeterminate confinement in a state hospital. To this caricature of the judicial process must be added the supreme indignity suffered by its victims: once labeled "ill" and hospitalized they are subject to total invasion of privacy. The patient is left defenseless against numerous indignities. It is the erosion of individual liberties stemming from the prevalent conception of "mental illness" that disturbs and alarms thoughtful sociologists.

If one is armed with a view of the American legal system as a middle-class bias, one can talk blandly (as do the authors) about the hospital as "a place where people live," and be at ease with the dismal fact that patients who recover often don't get released unless they have "a bridge to the outside"; one can disregard gross restraints imposed on patients merely suspected of being troublesome or suicidal, and privileges (freedoms) awarded to patients on the staff's own terms. To be sure, most hospitals probably do the best they can for patients, given a restrictive mandate and limited resources. But denial of liberty, abrogation of rights, and arbitrary authority are private sins which unfortunately become the stuff of public virtues.

ROBERT MAISEL

POLAND: THE CRIME OF OPINION (continued from page 338)

the working class. It also attacked the clergy for its "reactionary role," declared that the workers' councils of Yugoslavia did not democratically represent the workers and called for "return to proletarian internationalism."

On the witness stand at the first trial, Ludwik Hass proudly acknowledged the accusation that he was a Trotskyist and affirmed his revolutionary socialist convictions. A man of remarkable courage, Hass joined the Polish Trotskyists in 1938. When the Russians invaded Eastern Poland, under the terms of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, he was arrested and spent the next 17 years in Stalin's slave camps—the first eight at the infamous Vorkuta, and the next nine beyond the Arctic Circle. Released in 1957, under the Polish-

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Russian repatriation agreement, he promptly returned to political activity, joining the Communist party. He did not relinquish his principles, and so protested the suppression of *Po Prostu,* the independent student paper, and openly declared himself a Trotskyist.

In a vigorous protest, published as an "Open Letter to Wladyslaw Gomulka," Isaac Deutscher observes that, in 1957, "No one asked him ever to renounce his past, and he did not deny his old Trotskyist views even for a moment . . . This circumstance alone testifies to his courage and integrity. Do you, Wladyslaw Gomulka, really believe that you have in your 'apparatus' and administration many people of comparable disinterestedness and idealism? Look around you, look at the crowds of time-servers that surround you, at all those opportunists without principle and honor who fawn on you as they fawned on Bierut, and as some of them even fawned on Rydz-Smigly and Pilsudski."

Reminding Gomulka that he protested "when you, Wladyslaw Gomulka, were imprisoned and slandered in the last years of the Stalin era," Deustcher goes on to say that "in their case as in yours I think I can recognize reactionary police terror for what it is and tell slander from truth."

And he adds:

"In those far-off days, just after the 'Polish spring in October,' you held that Polish Communists ought to know my account of the havoc that Stalin made of their party, delivering nearly all its leaders to the firing squad. You knew that I had been one of those very few Communists who, in 1938, protested against that crime and against the disbandment and denigration of what had once been our common party.

"Moscow 'rehabilitated' the Polish party and its leaders only after 17 or 18 years; and then you, Wladyslaw Gomulka, apologized for having kept silent in 1938, although you had not believed the Stalinist slanders. I do not believe that you are now right in persecuting and imprisoning members of your own party and your critics on the Left; and I cannot keep silent.

"May I remind you of your own words spoken at the famous eighth session of the Central Committee in October 1956? 'The cult of the personality was not a matter just of Stalin's person,' you stated then. 'This was a system which had been transplanted from the USSR to nearly all Communist parties . . . *We have finished, or rather we are finishing with that system once and for all.*' (Your italics.)

"But are you not to some extent re-establishing that system? Do you wish these trials to mark the tenth anniversary of your own rehabilitation and of that 'spring in October,' during which you raised so many hopes for the future?"

A committee of 100 has been formed on the Berkeley campus to protest this attack upon freedom. A statement was signed by faculty members, the executive committee of the Berkeley W. E. Du Bois Club, by Hal Draper of the Independent Socialist Club, Brian O'Brien, President of Local 1570 of the American Federation of Teachers, and by others. They appeal for the pressure of protest on the Polish government by radicals everywhere.

E. G.

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LETTERS

Are Peasants Human?

In his interesting discussion on Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* (DISSENT, May-June 1966) Lewis Coser expresses the hope that Fanon's "destructive vision" may lead Western men to compassion, to a sense of fraternity and a lack of condescension towards the downtrodden.

Now compassion is easily come by. In fact, references to the wretchedness of the peasants of Africa, Asia and Latin America have become part of the stock rhetoric of both "end of ideology" technocrats and the "new radicals." The sentiment is no doubt sincerely felt by all; yet as we know, the objects of compassion may remain just that—objects. The achievement of a sense of fraternity and lack of condescension is, however, an infinitely less attainable goal, given the fundamental premises of much modern social thought. Here I refer not only to "establishment" social science but also to "radical" ideology. Where dichotomies such as backwardness versus modernity, rural idiocy versus urban enlightenment, being objects of the historic process versus being subjects of the historic process are taken to refer to absolute, all-inclusive and unbridgeable realities, how can one possibly attain a sense of common human condition—a sense of a common human fate and destiny?

I am aware that the very raising of this question immediately exposes one to the charge of indulging in rural idylls, of idealizing peasant life or, perhaps, even of supporting Fanon's view of the peasant as the preserver of innocence. The very fact that the choice seems to lie between regarding the peasant as a sheer embodiment of mindless backwardness ("the man with the hoe") or as the embodiment of unsullied innocence and pure revolutionary violence, is itself evidence of that sociological tyranny which insists that the peasant's human complexity is completely obliterated by his role as peasant. The populist idealizer is just as bent on denying the peasant's complex humanity, on seeing him wholly as social type as is the bigotted modernizer. In a sense, the Marxist concept of alienation seems to assign somewhat more universal humanity to the peasant than the purely sociologistic view, but since this potential humanity is to be "recaptured" only with the millennium, during his stay in the kingdom of necessity the peasant may be treated as a social category pure and simple—and a social category completely devoid of all those positive urban qualities supposedly to be found in the industrial worker.

There is no need whatsoever to idealize peasant life. Vast numbers of peasants are wretched, hungry, ignorant, superstitious, "petty bourgeois," etc., etc. It is quite true that hordes of peasants are themselves turning their backs on village life and in the end the peasant as a social type may disappear. As Mr. Coser cogently points out, however, in many parts of the world the peasant and the rural village will be with us for some time to come and the question remains whether urban men can learn to approach peasants as human beings or whether one can prove one's humanitarian credentials only by regarding them as subhuman. The question is, of course, even more relevant for the articulate urban elements in the agrarian societies than it is for us. For, on the whole, these people are completely dominated by notions derived from Western ideology and social thought. In this thought the peasant is forever seen as an object. He is the object of compassion, of research, even of revolutionary manipulation. But one does not talk to him. One talks about him, and even where one does talk to him it is in order to fit him into one's frame of reference. He is an object to Mao Tse-tung and even to Fanon. For Mao Tse-tung the primary question was in the first instance: how can we most effectively tap peasant energies for the achievement of power? And secondly, how can we use them to realize Chinese grandeur and my own vision of the good society? To Fanon himself, the peasant becomes the instrument of his hate and of his desire for redemption. To admit that

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peasants are human is, of course, to deny their poster-like innocence and to recognize that they have all the potentialities of personal diversity and motivation found in other segments of human society.

The peasant may indeed have all the in-built limitations ascribed to him by Marx and others. What is most questionable is whether the urban masses necessarily possess the presumed opposing qualities. The peasant clings narrowly to his plot of land, and the industrial worker keeps his view intently fixed on his job and pay-level. He may feel the need for acting as a union member but he remains basically privatistic in his perspective while peasants have, as we know, often acted in concert. "The peasants" Marx asserts "cannot represent themselves, they must be represented." Is this less true of any substantial sector of our urban population? To what extent are all of us in the cities "subjects of the historic process"? Much of our social, economic and political theory is precisely bent on proving that we are as much the objects of an impersonal historic process as are peasants. Is it indeed true that the major significance of life for most of us lies in being "subjects of the historic process"?

Let me stress that this should not be construed as a plea for the preservation of peasant society. It simply represents an endorsement of Mr. Coser's hope that a sense of fraternity can be achieved even while peasants are with us. If peasants are not people with whom one talks and to whom one listens (even in exasperation), then neither we nor the intellectuals and technocrats of "developing" countries can possibly think of them as brothers.

I know that the plea for a sense of fraternity is not a program and might well be dismissed as vague. It is not meant to suggest that the concrete economic, demographic or social problems of agrarian society can be solved by establishing a sense of common humanity with peasants. Yet the sense of common humanity may be a necessary ambience for the working-out of solutions. For the peasant must choose between the impersonal technicians and the Fanon-type revolutionaries who make an effort to listen; even though they are listening essentially to their own inner frustrations and hopes, he will no doubt choose the latter.

The question remains—do our premises make it possible for us to think of peasants as fellow human beings?

BENJAMIN SCHWARTZ
Harvard University

Unions, Guarantee of Democracy

Editors:

Emanuel Geltman, in his "Vietnam and the Unions," DISSENT, January-February 1966, states that, "... the unions stand as a guarantee of democracy." Since when can an institution—a labor union—which is without internal democracy itself stand as a guardian of democracy? Does Mr. Geltman not recall that the thread of concern of the articles which appeared in DISSENT, Autumn 1959, "The Workers and Their Unions" was with the lack of democracy in the unions?

Americans, at least, elect a new president every 8 years. Union presidents almost all serve until health forbids or death intervenes. Even when they are democratically defeated in an election, somehow they still manage to "win," e.g., the IUE-Carey election fraud.

Has Mr. Geltman read the recent issue of *Union Democracy in Action* which describes how the bureaucrats of the Musician's Union manage to hold "democratic elections?"

Has Mr. Geltman read the story by H. W. Benson in *The Progressive*, May 1959, entitled "Labor's Uncertain Trumpet" of how that great exponent of ethical practices and democracy, A. J. Hayes, President of the IAM and chairman of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee in 1959, expelled rank and filers Ciepley-Rappaport for fighting corruption in an IAM Chicago Lodge? Is Mr. Geltman aware that Mr. Hayes, with Mr. Meany's approval, compounded his "ethical and democratic practices" by putting these men on a blacklist? If this is not the "cold-blooded suppression of free unions" in America, totalitarian style, then this

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writer does not know the meaning of totalitarianism. An American can possibly, hopefully do a little about the totalitarian American unions, but an American can do almost nothing about Chinese, Cuban, Russian or North Vietnamese unions.

Since when has Mr. Meany—genuinely—been committed to unionism? Did Meany rush to the aid of the N.Y. subway workers in the 1966 strike? Did he rush to the aid of the Typographical Union strike in San Francisco? On the contrary, Meany directed a "hands off" attitude. Did Meany rush to the aid of the Teamsters' president when the McClellan Committee was making hash out of the entire labor movement by utilizing Hoffa as the scapegoat, the purpose being to bring on anti-union legislation?

The Peace Movement and the Civil Rights Movement has been doing very well without Mr. Meany. The AFL-CIO president did not support the two peace marches nor the 200,000-strong Civil Rights March on Washington.

The Peace and Civil Rights Movements must look toward and hope for the building of a new type of labor movement, suited to and capable of coping with the tasks of the day—peace, civil rights, freedom from hunger, poverty and deprivation, and the lack of any semblance of democracy for over 90 million people. Mr. Meany and the AFL-CIO are not ours, and we shall "reduce ourselves to pulling ineffectiveness" if we direct any energy at all toward coalition with Meany and his status quo politics. Recently, Drew Pearson pointed out how Meany's general counsel, Tom Harris, objected to a SNCC proposal to give the Attorney General the power to remove prosecutions from state to federal courts when civil rights workers were not protected.

The cruel and harsh facts indicate that the Meanys are committed not to the true interests of labor, but to the military-industrial complex and their establishment, and of which they are a part, unfornately. Tom Hayden, in his "The Politics of 'The Movement,'" DISSENT, January-February 1966, states, "There is usually no question about the [union] leaders primary loyalty to the 'national interest' as defined by the Administration, even though they always believe their judgments are independently made."

What union leader since Debs has defied the national interest? Oh yes, John L., during W. W. II—John L. was really a union leader committed to his union at that time. But Eugene V. Debs was not only a union leader committed to his union, but a Socialist committed to a union of the world's workers. Debs condemned, not apologized for, the lack of ethics and principle of the labor leaders of his day.

BARBARA JONES

On Guaranteed Income Proposals*

Editors:

A commission of industrialists, economists, and others appointed by the President has recommended a guaranteed annual income. That a group of such conventional political and economic hue should make so audacious a proposal is an arresting development. Its novelty is attested by the immediate outpouring of outraged sentiments.

But the true novelty lies elsewhere, in the speed with which a radical suggestion has been adopted and given political respectability. Until now it has taken years, often decades, to season a new idea and make it publicly palatable. Only twenty-three months before the Presidential Commission reported, an Ad Hoc Committee of 32 economists, scholars and public figures sent Mr. Johnson a memorandum called *The Triple Revolution.* This document consists of an analysis of three concurrent phenomena—the revolutions in weaponry, race, and cybernation—and suggests that an annual income be constitutionally guaranteed as one means of coping with the widening unemployment that the Ad Hoc Committee saw resulting from the replacement of workers by the new technology.

A very considerable uproar ensued. Derision and contempt flowed from editorial writers and economists, ironically including one or two of the members of the Presidential Commission. Members of the

* The Triple Revolution and Guaranteed Income.

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Ad Hoc Committee were pictured as ignoramuses, comsymps, or dreamers. The important point is not, however, the abuse first visited on the Triple Revolutionaries and now descending on LBJ's Commissioners, but in the acceleration in acceptance of the notion by the non-radical sector of the community. Cultural lag, like everything else, appears to be subject to the forces of exponential change.

Not that the idea of a guaranteed annual income was novel when the Ad Hoc Committee recommended it. Lewis Mumford and Erich Fromm, in books published a generation or so ago, explicitly proposed the same measure, and for most of the reasons presented by the Ad Hoc Committee. At least a year before the Triple Revolution found the front pages, a guaranteed income was advocated by a doyen of political conservatism and economic respectability, Professor Milton Friedman. His proposal of a "negative income tax," as the best means of administering a guaranteed income, is likely to be adopted when this now-legitimate topic of public debate comes before Congress. (It is tantalizing to reflect on what might have happened if Senator Goldwater had campaigned on a GAI platform, a proper enough speculation since Professor Friedman served as senior economic adviser to the Republican candidate in 1964.)

In each case the line of reasoning leading to recommendation of a guaranteed income was different. The Triple Revolution argued the relentless tendency of the new machines to unemployment and disemployment. The Presidential Commission specifically denied this tendency, but said that the rising productivity and affluence of the nation warranted such a step. Professor Friedman observed that the country has long since decided against starvation and abject hardship, and said that a guaranteed income will do away with the duplication of costs and effort in the present bureaucracies of welfare.

However achieved, a guaranteed income makes sense in an opulent nation. The idea will still take some getting used to, for Americans have been raised to think that virtue and wage earning are identical terms. The Presidential Commission helped in the task of getting rid of such withering dogmas.

W. H. Ferry
Vice-President, Center for the
Study of Democratic Institutions

Aid Spanish Exiles

A Call to Dissent Readers

In 1961, Salvador de Madariaga—historian and journalist, scholar and diplomat of world renown, one of the great humanitarians and fighters for freedom of our time—honored Spanish Refugee Aid by accepting, together with Pablo Casals, the honorary chairmanship of this organization. Now, for his 80th birthday, July 23, 1966, we have decided to establish a scholarship fund in his name for the benefit of the children of Spanish Republican exiles.

The candidates will be chosen from among the 10,000 Spanish refugee families in France who need assistance. The fathers of many of these children are dead or else ill and handicapped by years of war and exile. In the past few years Spanish Refugee Aid has given help to an increasing number of gifted children in order to keep them in school. These small scholarships, ranging from $150 to $350, cover the cost of books, lunches, carfare and clothing.

Through the Salvador de Madariaga Fund we hope to raise $10,000 in order to give grants to many more students, including a few who are especially gifted and should go on to college. If there is a candidate for the College of Europe in Bruges, Belgium, where he is Honorary President, Madariaga has asked that $1000 be given as a special fellowship.

We hope you will be in sympathy with our twofold purpose to help students of needy refugee families and thus to honor our chairman. We hope you will contribute. Perhaps some day these students will be able to use their skills to help rebuild a free Spain. This is Madariaga's hope and ours. We ask you to join us in our hope and our endeavor.

Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc.
80 E. 11th St. • New York, N.Y. 10003

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A SPECIAL REPORT

David W. Weiss

THE PLIGHT OF THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION

On March 18, 1966, an Ad Hoc Commission on the Rights of Soviet Jews held a full day of hearings at which a series of expert academics and eyewitnesses testified. The Commission was chaired by Bayard Rustin and the other members were Norman Thomas, Telford Taylor, Emil Mazey, James Farmer and Father George B. Ford. The following article is the statement presented to the Ad Hoc Commission as the testimony of Dr. David W. Weiss, Professor of Bacteriology at the University of California (Berkeley).

In the winter of 1965 I was invited by the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences and by the International Union Against Cancer to attend a meeting in the Soviet Union on the topic of tumor-specific antingens. Approximately 50 scientists were invited to this conference—about 25 from within the Soviet Union, and an equal number from several other countries. The meeting was to take place on the shores of the Black Sea, in the town of Sukhumi in Abkhazia, and was intended to provide an opportunity for the exchange of newer information in the area of tumor immunology. The dates of the meeting were set for May 12 to May 16, 1965. I accepted this invitation because my own research interests had taken me, some years previously, into this area of biology, and this appeared to be an excellent opportunity for an exchange of current information. There was another reason why I accepted this invitation. Like many Americans, I had read reports of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. I have a strong commitment to the religious and cultural values of Judaism, and to the Jewish people as a cultural and ethnic entity. Because of this commitment, and also because I had myself experienced anti-Semitism as a child in Austria immediately before and after the

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Anschluss to German, I have maintained an active interest in Jewish communities in all parts of the world.

Like many Jews, I have a tendency to deprecate some accounts of anti-Semitism as exaggerated. Perhaps such a skeptical attitude is needed if one is to survive as a Jew in the twentieth century. At any rate, I was not at all certain exactly what I would find in the Soviet Union. I have never been sympathetic to communism or to any other form of Marxism, either as a philosophy or as an economic or political system; but I have also never regarded the various manifestations of anti-communist hysteria with any emotion other than revulsion. Moreover, I have become, in recent years, increasingly concerned about the drift of the major nations towards war, and I have been active in movements whose sole purpose is to reduce the likelihood of war. I say all this to indicate that I went to the Soviet Union without a very strong, preformed bias, and prepared to find the position of the Jews, and conditions in general, considerably different from what I had read and heard.

I was 18 days in the Soviet Union. My itinerary took me to the Georgian Republic, to Kiev and its surrounding areas, and to Moscow and adjacent suburbs and towns. As will become evident from my account, my very first contacts with Jews in the Soviet Union shocked me, and I resolved to examine the situation much more carefully than I had originally intended. I therefore spent approximately eight to twelve hours every day of my stay in the Soviet Union in making contacts with Jews, or speaking to various Soviet officials concerning Jewish affairs. During my stay in the Soviet Union, I had conversations—private conversations—with at least 150 Jews, of all ages and backgrounds.

These contacts were of three kinds. For one, I spoke to a fairly large number of Jewish scientists. This contact was of particular interest for several reasons. According to frequent statements released by various offices of the governmental apparatus of the Soviet Union, there is, of course, no anti-Semitism in that country, and the Soviet government frequently points to the significant number of Jewish scientists in the Soviet Union as clear evidence of the absence of anti-Semitism. Moreover, scientists of Jewish origin tend to be assimilated into the general culture in all parts of the world, and it would not have been surprising if this were also the case in the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union has repeatedly stated that the younger Jews there are not at all interested in maintaining active Jewish identification, and that scientists well established in their professions are most certainly not inclined to seek affiliation with what, in the official Soviet view, is a primitive, archaic body of superstition. Lastly, there have been, on several occasions, letters pub-

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lished in newspapers in this country, coming from Jewish scientists of great distinction in the Soviet Union, declaring that there is no anti-Semitism there. As will become evident from this account, my own experiences with Jewish scientists, young as well as older, gave a radically different impression.

My second source of contacts with Jews in the Soviet Union stemmed from my daily visits to synagogues in whatever city or town I happened to be. I am religiously observant in my personal life, and I always take the opportunity of participating in synagogue worship wherever I happen to find myself. I must say that my attendance was more regular during my time in the Soviet Union than it might have been in another country. In fact, I attended services daily, early in the morning, late in the afternoon, and in the evening, these times corresponding to the three daily orders of prayer. I thus met Jews in synagogue, on the way to synagogue, and on the way from synagogue. I shall describe these contacts in greater detail later.

Lastly, and perhaps most revealingly, I met Jews very frequently on walks through streets and parks in several cities. I consider these contacts perhaps the most revealing, because they were short and isolated; they were always on an individual basis and the people with whom I spoke had therefore the least reason to fear speaking with me. There is a variety of ways in which a person walking through the streets or parks of a city can make it obvious that he is Jewish. I used several such techniques, and found them to be very effective in meeting Jews continuously. In fact, it never took longer than 10 or 15 minutes in Kiev and Moscow to be approached by someone walking in the street or sitting on a park bench with the quiet question, "Are you Jewish?" or, "Are you from Israel?" and this would initiate a conversation. (I speak fluently the vernacular language of the Jews of most parts of eastern Europe, Yiddish; and I also speak Hebrew.

II

I must emphasize that it is with some hesitation that I give this report, for several reasons. For one, I must say that I was treated with great friendliness and hospitality by most individuals whom I encountered in the Soviet Union. Then, I would be very distressed if my comments were to be used for irrational, red-baiting activities directed at an exacerbation of the cold war. Lastly, I am acutely aware of the danger of drawing grave conclusions from the reports of any one eyewitness, and the charges which I am forced to level against the Soviet Union are very grave indeed. Nonetheless, I believe that I have no choice but

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to state the truth, and to state it publicly, because I am deeply concerned about the welfare and, in fact, the safety of the Jewish community in the Soviet Union.

It is therefore with a strong sense of responsibility that I present this account, and I assure the members of this Commission that I shall be as factual and as accurate as I can. I may also say that I took every possible precaution during my stay in the Soviet Union to corroborate my impressions, by repeating again and again contacts with people from a certain background or from a particular community; and that I attempted, in every way possible, to reduce the errors which invariably creep into accounts based on individual impressions. As a scientist, I have had much systematic training in the making and reporting of observations, and I brought to bear on this problem, to the best of my ability, the techniques of correct observation which make up my daily professional life.

Virtually all Jews with whom I spoke in the Soviet Union—young, middle-aged, or old—expressed unmistakably some degree of anxiety arising from their condition as *Jews*. This anxiety varied from, at the least, a definite sense of uneasiness and considerable uncertainty as to their future in the Soviet Union, to a state of mind which can only be described, even in the most conservative idiom, as terror. My contacts were largely with people ranging in age from early middle age to advanced age, and my general impression that very young people showed somewhat lesser degrees of anxiety might therefore be statistically incorrect. On the whole, the overwhelming majority of the people with whom I spoke were *very much* afraid for their immediate future, and I can only describe the feeling communicated to me by *groups* of Jews as, for example, those I met in synagogues, as representing a state of *palpable, strong fear.*

When I asked Jews why they were afraid, the answers revealed a very homogeneous picture: There was fear of the loss of job, position, or residence permits in certain cities. There was also fear of arrest, of deportation, and perhaps of even worse consequences of the government's reaction to them *as Jews.* And there was always fear of the extinction of Jewish identity. It was very clear that these fears arose from two sources: For one, all Jews with whom I spoke in the Soviet Union are painfully aware of the excesses of anti-Semitism which occurred towards the end of the Stalin period and continued into the earlier years of the Khrushchev regime. In addition, the more recent experiences of the economic trials, of the vicious attacks on Jews and on Judaism which have appeared in many articles in the press and in books, and of the

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increasing disabilities to which Jews are subjected in terms of religious or cultural expression loom large in the minds of Jews in the Soviet Union. I had the very strong impression that Jews in the Soviet Union consider themselves as being caught in a vise. On the one hand, the government directs strong and unremitting pressure against all forms of cultural and religious expression by Jews; *i.e.,* towards forced assimilation. But on the other hand, Jews are frequently attacked vituperatively as Jews *ethnically and racially,* making assimilation impossible, and depriving them of *any* area of retreat or comfort: Jews cannot seek refuge or solace in their Jewishness, because almost every means of expressing this Jewishness is stringently forbidden. At the same time, they are not accepted into general society, even if they are prepared to give up entirely the ties which bind them to their traditions, both secular and religious. The Jews in the Soviet Union are very painfully conscious of the fact that at this point they have nowhere to go and no place to turn.

Almost invariably, the Jews I met in the Soviet Union were exceedingly hesitant to talk with me on first contact. This reticence and evident fear were *much greater* than the reticence which the visitor encounters on the part of non-Jewish citizens of the Soviet Union. (I must here emphasize that Jews express degrees of fear, anxiety, uneasiness, and desperation much greater than whatever uneasiness and anxiety is evident on the part of the general population of the Soviet Union, including other religious groups. I visited many churches while services were in progress; I also spent a day at the seminaries of the Russian Orthodox Church in Zagorsk, near Moscow; and I found that the immediate uneasiness of Jews upon contact with an outsider was categorically greater than that of any other group I met in the Soviet Union.)

I began very early in the course of my visit to seek means of breaking down this reserve on the part of Jews whom I met. I tried several ways of doing this, and by trial and error I eventually discovered an almost invariably successful method for winning their confidence. This method was based on previous experiences which I have had in other countries, that Jews of all backgrounds, including those with no personal religious commitment, nonetheless recognize the traditionally oriented Jew as a fellow. I thought, therefore, that if I could convey to Jews in the Soviet Union my own commitment to traditional Jewish values and observance, I could perhaps establish myself as a person recognized as a friend and to be trusted.

I think I could best illustrate this by giving an actual incident. On my first free afternoon in Kiev, early in my stay in the USSR, I walked in one of the city parks and was approached within a few minutes by

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a gentleman of about 60 who asked if I were Jewish. I said, "Yes," and asked him in turn if I might speak with him. He looked to the left and right and then said, "Yes, but only for a few minutes." I sat down next to him on a park bench. With him were two female relatives of about the same age. We talked for perhaps seven or eight minutes in a very casual and pleasant manner, and the gentleman and his ladies seemed to be fairly at ease; the conversation was pleasant, the gentleman frequently laughed at things I said. I thought that perhaps my previous experiences in the Soviet Union were somehow not representative and that here, for once, was a Jew who showed no sign of fear. And then I led the conversation purposefully in the direction which I had planned: When the gentleman asked me whether I was in the Soviet Union as a tourist, I answered, "No, I am here on the invitation of the Academy of Medical Sciences to attend a meeting on tumor immunity." I know from previous experience that if one tells people anywhere, especially older people, that one works on cancer, the question will be asked, "Is there as yet a cure for cancer?" And, indeed, this gentleman asked this question. This gave me my opportunity of saying to him—it sounds more natural in the Jewish vernacular—something to the effect that undoubtedly man will find a cure for cancer, when the good Lord will be willing. The gentleman looked at me with considerable surprise at this point, and asked me whether I indeed believed in God. I answered him by saying that in my country, America, it was not unfashionable for young scientists to hold such opinions, and to feel and live a strong commitment to their Jewish heritage. The man looked at me dubiously and with considerable surprise. I then asked him if he would be surprised to learn that I wore on my person *Arba Kanfoth;* this is a ritual, or symbolic, garment, on whose four corners are attached fringes; it is worn by traditional Jews in keeping with a Biblical commandment. The gentleman said yes, he would indeed be most surprised if this were so. And surreptitiously, I opened a button on my shirt and showed him that I indeed wore the *Arba Kanfoth.* He said nothing to me for a moment or two, and then he continued our casual conversation; but I noticed, within a minute or so afterwards, that he was making an odd noise. And then it became obvious that he was sobbing. His ladies became very ill at ease at this. The man could not control his sobs, and so he rose. As he left, he blurted out, with tears running down his face: "Tell them at home we cannot hold out much longer here. Tell them at home we need help desperately—it is terrible, it is terrible." And with this he walked away.

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III

This incident repeated itself again and again during the rest of my stay in the Soviet Union. What started out to be casual and indifferent conversations turned into desperate pleas for help or into desperate statements of affliction, of fear, of deprivation, of uneasiness, and even of spiritual resistance in the face of forced cultural extinction.

I took every opportunity after the first of these incidents to make it clear to my various contacts and to my scientific colleagues that I am a committed Jew. This is done very easily. I pointed out, for example, that the reason why I did not partake of certain foods was because of my adherence to the traditional Jewish dietary laws. I pointed out that my absence from certain parties was occasioned by the fact that I wished to worship in the synagogue, or did not wish to travel on the Sabbath. I advertised my Jewishness in these ways solely in order to encourage Soviet Jews to contact me and to speak to me.

The second general conclusion is the following: Every effort is made in the Soviet Union, by the civil authorities and also by those Jews who act as the official representatives of Jewish communities, to erect a great barrier between the Jews of the Soviet Union and the Jewish visitor from without. This barrier takes many forms.

A concerted effort is made by the secular leaders of the synagogues which I visited in Moscow and in Kiev to keep the visitors from all physical contact with Jews in the congregation. These efforts are quite remarkable in their extent, and sometimes in their rudeness. For example, when I first visited the synagogue in Kiev late one afternoon in order to attend *Mincha,* or afternoon, services, few of the old men streaming through the courtyard into the synagogue building returned my greeting. They seemed to be afraid. As I walked into the building, a man detached himself from the crowd, approached me brusquely, and asked me what I wished. I told him I wanted to pray. He looked me over very aggressively, seemed uncertain as to what to do, then abruptly grabbed me by the arm, and quite forcibly marched me to a cubicle at the front of the synagogue. He instructed me to sit down and remain there and to make it my business to leave after services. He made it very plain that I was welcome, if at all, only to the extent that I participated in the service, but that I must have no contact with any of the people there. This man, I later learned, was the head of the Kiev Jewish community, and in the several contacts I had with him during my stay in Kiev, he remained aggressive and suspicious.

One evening, while I was in the synagogue waiting for the service to begin, two members of the Israeli Legation in Moscow who happened

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to be on official business in Kiev walked into the synagogue. The same head of the community immediately asked these men to stop talking to some elderly Jews who flocked around them and to take their place at the front of the synagogue with me, away from the other people. When the two Israeli visitors remonstrated, this man attacked them viciously, in a tirade that lasted for well over half an hour. He accused them personally, and all Israelis in general, of being fascists, exploiters of the Arabs and of the Jewish proletariat, of dealing with Germany, etc., etc. There was no mistaking the fact that this man was there primarily to prevent contact between visitors and the resident Jews. However, after my second or third attendance at services, it became obvious to the Jews who came there that I was a committed Jew, that I was seriously interested in participating in the religious services. This must have come across especially by virtue of the fact that I carried my own philacteries and prayer shawl; I was clearly not just a casual tourist. Thereafter, people intercepted me on the way to the synagogue at 5:30 in the morning, in dark doorways and alleyways, or after I left a service, and spoke to me. Many cried and told me that it was not by choice that they would not talk to me in the synagogue, but that they were afraid to do so.

IV

In other instances, the officially appointed Jewish leaders, both secular and rabbinic, were urbane and very pleasant, but their function was nonetheless apparent. I cite some instances:

The secular head of the Jewish community in one of the Moscow suburbs is a suave, sophisticated gentleman, quite different in demeanor from his counterpart in Kiev. I visited his synagogue, again late one afternoon. As I entered, the few Jews already there asked me to wait in the vestibule outside. No one would come near me. They telephoned for this gentleman to come, and he arrived about 40 minutes later. He asked me to enter his office, and there kept me in conversation for almost three hours. He only hesitatingly permitted me to interrupt this conversation to attend the afternoon and evening service. The burden of his statements was that there exists no anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union; that, in contrast, there is much anti-Semitism in the United States; and that American Jews are leveling false accusations of anti-Semitism against the Soviet Union in order to deflect attention from their own miserable status.

This man was very well informed of anti-Semitic incidents that had occurred in this country for many years past. He knew of real-estate discrimination in the suburbs of certain cities; he knew of previous difficulties encountered by Jews attempting to enter certain medical schools;

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he knew of swastika paintings on American synagogues; he cited, in fact, some of the latest statistics covering anti-Semitic events or incidents compiled by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith in the United States. When I asked him questions concerning the status of Jews in the Soviet Union, I received the same answers which one reads in official Soviet publications—that there is no anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, other than the occasional, unenlightened bias held by some reactionary individual. This Jewish official emphasized that there exists absolutely no discrimination against Jews on any level whatever in governmental agencies. He called into the room six or seven of the older congregants who told me, on his instruction, that their sons were generals or colonels in the armed forces. He also gave me numerous photographs, supposedly candid, showing Jews at prayer and at synagogue parties.

It was quite obvious in other ways that this man was lying. For example, I asked him about reports which I had heard that it was no longer possible, or at least very difficult, for Jews to be buried in the Jewish cemetery of Moscow. This gentleman told me that this was, in fact, true, but that there was an innocent explanation: The Jewish cemetery was filled, there was no adjacent land available for expansion; the nearest open land was a considerable distance outside of Moscow, beyond the limits prescribed by the civic statutes for burial of citizens from the Moscow area. However, I had visited the Moscow Jewish cemetery the previous day, and I saw acres and acres of wasteland, rubbish heaps, grazing land, land consisting of poor meadows and thin woods, in the immediate vicinity of the cemetery. Clearly, then, the story that there is no space for expansion of cemetery facilities is not true.

There was more significant evidence of the duplicity of the leader of this suburban Jewish congregation. During services, I counted 10 or 12 prayer books among a congregation of perhaps 40 people. These few prayer books were in tatters. When I whispered to the man standing next to me during services whether he wanted a prayer book from me—I happened to have one with me—he told me yes, but that he was afraid to accept one. I asked him whether there were enough prayer books for everyone who attended regularly, and he said, "Of course not! Look about you!" At the end of my conversation with the leader of this congregation, he asked me to sign my name in the visitors' book—in fact, he told me what he wished me to write: Something to the effect that I was impressed by the good conditions of Jews in the Soviet Union, and that I was convinced that reports of anti-Semitism represented "fascistic propaganda" from outside. I refused to write this, of course, but I told him that I would be quite willing to sign my name over my own

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sentiment. He thereupon opened a safe in his office to take out the visitors' book, and as he opened the safe, I glanced inside, and there I saw stacks of perhaps 200 prayer books and Bibles of brand-new appearance. I learned from subsequent conversations with Jews in Moscow that the officials in charge of the several congregations make every effort to take away from congregants prayer books and other religious articles that are left there by visitors; that these are taken away by threat, sometimes by force, sometimes by cajoling.

Late one Friday afternoon, I had an interview with Rabbi Levin, of the largest of the three synagogues in Moscow. Rabbi Levin is, to all practical effects, the chief spokesman for the religious Jewish community in the Soviet Union. He is an impressive-looking person, and he greeted me very pleasantly. I sat in his office. We spoke casually for a few minutes, and then Rabbi Levin launched into a perhaps 20-minute-long statement concerning the condition of the Jews in the Soviet Union, which, by then, I could almost recite from memory. It was of exactly the same nature as the statements made to me by the secular heads of the communities in Kiev and Moscow, and those which I had read in Soviet magazines published in this country: A denial of the existence of officially tolerated anti-Semitism in any manifestation, and praise of the Soviet government for creating an environment in which Jews were fully emancipated and free from any hostility. At the end of this speech, I asked the rabbi a single question, "And, Rabbi, how is your Yeshiva doing?" A "Yeshiva" is a seminary of Biblical and rabbinic study, where young men train for the rabbinate, and I knew that Rabbi Levin's seminary had been closed some time before I visited the Soviet Union, apparently by the stratagem of the government for revoking the Moscow residence permits of the few remaining students. When I mentioned the word *Yeshiva,* the rabbi abruptly arose from his chair, looked at his watch and said, "It is time for the Sabbath services," and walked out of the room. The Sabbath services started 40 minutes later.

I in no sense blame Rabbi Levin, and I am not interested here in an analysis of the motivation of Jewish collaborators. Among every people there can be found men and women who, for one reason or another, will act, under certain conditions, on behalf of an oppressive government or foreign occupying power. Perhaps Rabbi Levin is motivated by the best of motives and considerations. But the fact remains that he speaks for the government, and that when an embarrassing question is asked, he terminates the conversation. I must also state that Rabbi Levin undoubtedly speaks with full cognizance that every word is recorded. Several times during my visit in the Soviet Union non-Jews as well as

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Jews indicated by gesture or by a written comment that one should not, in a hotel room, or in a restaurant, or during the course of a pause in a scientific meeting, discuss any matter which one would not like the secret police to be aware of; there is always the possibility in the mind of a Soviet citizen that his statements are being recorded by a listening device. Clearly, the rabbi must be aware of this possibility.

V

In most Intourist hotels, there are available, in large numbers, booklets entitled "Jews in the USSR." These are sold for five kopecks, and are available in English, French, and German. They consist of a series of statements allegedly made by Jews in the Soviet Union. Some are clearly altered; others are statements taken out of context; still others seem to be fabrications; and many are, indeed, accurate, but were made by Jews in the early years of the Revolution. The booklet's purpose is to convince the reader that Jews live in an idyllic condition in the Soviet Union. I also found that my Intourist guides were immediately prepared to give me the standard statement on the condition of Jews in the Soviet Union.

Shortly after I arrived in Kiev, I asked my guide to be taken to Babi Yar, the site on the outskirts of Kiev where the Germans massacred scores of thousands of Jews in 1941, shortly after entering the city. The following conversations ensued: When I first made the request, I was told that *there was no such place as Babi Yar.* I pointed out that the guide must be aware of its existence; after all, a distinguished Russian poet had written about it. My guide then became ill at ease and uncertain, and promised to discuss the matter with a superior in the Intourist office. She came back to me that afternoon and told me that I wasn't really interested in visiting Babi Yar, that there was nothing to see there. I asked, "How so?" Surely, I suggested to her, there must be some sort of memorial to mark such a place of martyrdom; there were, after all, a variety of memorials to the Ukrainian war dead throughout Kiev! She said she couldn't answer this question because she did not know, but that, at any rate, she was certain I would find many enjoyable distractions during my few days in Kiev, and that I would not really be interested in Babi Yar. I insisted that I was very much interested because, as I told her, I wanted to pay my respects to the war dead of my own people who were to be found at Babi Yar. She promised to raise the matter once more with her superiors. She returned next morning and told me that I had a very busy schedule for the next few days and that Babi Yar would really be a distraction. After several more backs and forths of this nature, she finally told me that, indeed,

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Babi Yar could not be visited. I then remonstrated with her and pointed out that the very first words of greeting extended to me by the Intourist people of Kiev were to the effect that the city was open to the visitor, that Intourist was there to make our visit comfortable and to arrange that we could see whatever we wished. I also suggested that this refusal was indeed most peculiar towards a visitor invited by the Academy of Medical Sciences. She thereupon raised the matter once again with the central Intourist office and came back finally with the following: That Intourist would, in fact, *not* take me to Babi Yar, but that if I absolutely insisted on going there, they would make available to me a car "privately." In a last attempt to dissuade me, I was told that this would be very expensive. I answered that I was quite prepared to pay the price. And so, I finally was taken to Babi Yar.

I mention this incident to indicate the great hesitancy to permit a visitor to a site of specific Jewish interest. I found this to hold true throughout my contact with Intourist officials. Whenever and wherever I asked to be taken to some site of specific Jewish interest or concern, or whenever I made an allusion or reference to a point of specifically Jewish interest, every attempt was made to distract me, to tell me that the place I questioned did not really exist, or, when I persisted in my attempt, that it was off limits, that it was under repair, and so on.

When I asked an Intourist official in the Ukraina Hotel in Moscow if there were some facility for obtaining kosher food (ritually permissible food), I was directed to speak to a Jewish employee of Intourist. This person informed me, very aggressively, that self-respecting, intelligent Jews in the Soviet Union did not abide by such barbaric primitivisms as kosher dietary observances, and that I could certainly not expect her, an honest Soviet Jewish citizen, to know anything about such matters. If I were interested in pursuing the matter any further, she told me, I could address myself to the synagogue. Then she went on to point out to me that there were many more interesting things which I could do with my time in the Soviet Union, etc., etc., etc.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the casual visitor to the Soviet Union who does not take the trouble of making contacts with Jews under circumstances in which conversations cannot be overheard or monitored, and who does not take the trouble to break through the initial fear and reserve on the part of Soviet Jews, may leave with the impression that there does not exist a significant amount of official prejudice against Jews, and that Soviet Jews do not live in a state of fear or anxiety.

The visitor among Jews in the Soviet Union finds himself in a phantasmagoric nightmare. There is a very great deal of government-directed,

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government-sponsored, government-propagated anti-Semitism, on many different levels. And yet, there is a very strong attempt by the same government to hide and deny the existence of this situation. Anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union is thus, at one and the same time, virulent, official, ubiquitous, and very insidious.

Some Specific Incidents

A. *Jewish Scientists.* I now describe briefly a number of incidents typical of the experiences on which I base my conclusion that almost all Jews in the Soviet Union live in a state of considerable fear and disability. I begin with incidents involving scientists of Jewish origin.

To my surprise, the majority of the Jewish scientists whom I met, both young and older, men and women of major reputations as well as beginning research workers, sought the opportunity to reveal their Jewishness to me. This often took the form of very touching scenes and incidents. Jewish scientists frequently managed to find the opportunity of whispering to me a few words in Yiddish or Hebrew, such as "Gut Shabes" ("Happy Sabbath"), or "Shalom Aleichem" ("How are you"), as we left together a room or a restaurant or a hotel lobby, never openly, but on the pretext of accidentally jostling me in a passageway.

On one occasion, a Jewish scientist handed me a reprint of a scientific article with the comment that I would find therein some especially interesting information. When I looked at the section which he indicated, I found written between two lines of scientific data, in rather childish letters, two words in Hebrew: "Ivri Onoichi"—"I am a Jew."

Invariably, these small revelations were followed by a rapid, sometimes by an immediate, retreat. These incidents played themselves out almost in the form of a dance—a reticent advance; the recognition: We are both Jews; and a retreat. Very often, after declaring themselves Jews in one of these manners, the people involved would purposely shun all further contact.

Of course, these incidents are not in themselves reflective of fear or pressure directed against Jews, but they are remarkable in a different sense: In no place—and I have visited many countries in the capacity of a scientist—have I ever found Jewish biologists or chemists to take the opportunity of a fleeting moment to reveal themselves as Jewish! Certainly, I have on occasion met scientists of Jewish origin who have retained a degree of interest in Judaism as a religion or as a culture, and with whom I have discussed matters of common Jewish interest. But never before, anywhere, have I seen Jews, scientists or laymen, making these furtive and clandestine overtures, and then retreating. If nothing else, the behavior of the Soviet Jewish scientists indicates clearly that

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it is not true that these allegedly "assimilated" and "emancipated" people have lost all interest in their Jewishness. Quite to the contrary, I found myself again and again a witness of the strong sense of Jewish identity and Jewish concern which motivates many among them.

Much more shocking was a fortuitous incident involving a Jewish scientist which occurred in a restaurant in Moscow. It is the custom in most Soviet restaurants for the waiters to fill up tables as people enter the restaurant, so that one is brought into contact with people at random. The gentleman sitting next to me on this occasion happened to be an eminent Soviet scientist. He very kindly offered to help me order my meal, and in the process of telling him what I wanted, I told him that I restricted my diet to fish and eggs and vegetables because of my observance of the Jewish dietary laws. He then informed me, in a very quiet voice, that he, too, was Jewish, and during the course of the meal he told me of his own great interest in things Jewish, of his own longing for Jewish identification. At this moment, another gentleman was shown by the waiter to our table. This man came from abroad, to attend a conference. He was also a scientist, and also Jewish. He had been in the Soviet Union for only two or three days, and he came there with the conviction that anti-Semitism was either a figment of the imagination of neurotic Jews, or a deliberate attempt on the part of reactionary forces in the Western world to besmirch the good name of the Soviet Union. Upon learning that both I and my new-found Russian acquaintance were Jewish, he made a few loud and unhibited references of a Jewish nature, perfectly harmless; they were Yiddish expressions for some of the food items, and he told us a Yiddish joke that his Russian-born grandmother had once told him. At this point, I noticed that our Soviet colleague seemed to be very ill at ease. A few moments later, this foreign scientist left the table to make a telephone call. As he did so, our Soviet acquaintance dropped his napkin, and on the pretense of fumbling to retrieve it under the table he tapped my knee. I bent down, and the Soviet scientist, hurriedly and in fluent Hebrew, said to me the following (and I quote, in translation): "I beg you, ask this man to be quiet. Does he not realize that the walls have ears in this country? He is returning home, and I must stay here. Does he wish me to live out my years in Siberia?" This Russian Jew was terrified, despite the prestige of his position, despite his accomplishments, despite his international reputation, because a Jew from abroad had publicly made a few references to their common Jewish origin.

It is difficult for me to decide which of many other similar instances to relate here. Perhaps just one other involving a Jewish scientist will suffice to draw the picture. This occurred in the lobby of a theater in

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Moscow. At the end of the performance, I found myself in the company of a visiting Israeli scholar, of quite a different field of knowledge. With him were some other foreign scholars, as well as several Soviet colleagues. We remained standing in the foyer of the theater, talking about a variety of matters, when there joined us a younger Soviet academician. Within a few minutes after joining our group, this young academician approached the Israeli and without any introduction launched a very virulent diatribe against him and against Israelis in general. He leveled the accusation of fascism against the government of Israel, and stated that Israelis exploited the Arab working class, and so forth. He was exceedingly aggressive. During the course of the next 25 minutes or so, this young Soviet scholar repeated this remarkable performance several times. The Israeli made no reply. I walked with him to his hotel, and to my surprise found, after a few blocks, that the young Soviet scholar had joined us. He walked quietly with us for a block or so, and then suddenly launched a brief autobiographical statement. He said, "You know that I am Jewish?" We answered, "Yes, your name is obviously Jewish in nature." He went on to say that he had a wife who was not Jewish, and several children. Then he told us that some of his children were born at a time when Soviet nationality law still stated that children of mixed marriage (that is, where one of the partners is Jewish) must be declared Jews on their passports and other documents; but that his youngest child was born when the law had been liberalized to read that children with one Jewish parent had the option to choose either father's or mother's nationality upon reaching maturity. Then this man began to weep, and said: "And this child of mine is even a better Jew than I am! The child refuses to take the option of choosing my wife's non-Jewish nationality and insists instead on retaining Jewish identification." And he continued, crying: "My child's love for the Jewish people and for Israel is greater even than my own; and unless my child now chooses non-Jewish identification, there is very little chance for a university education." With that, the man turned and walked away.

B. *Jews in Synagogue and on the Street.* In the interval between afternoon and evening services, an interval lasting 30 to 45 minutes, the old men who attend these services almost always sit down at a common table to hear words of Jewish learning from their rabbi or from a learned man in their midst. I always joined these study sessions, sitting closely wedged in among the people around such tables. These brief occasions of short, intimate contact with Soviet Jews unfailingly took the same course: Within a few moments after sitting down, I would find someone's hand in my pocket and a whisper in my ear telling me not to be

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concerned, that no one was after my money or my wallet, that what was wanted was my prayer book. This hungering after prayer books, after prayer shawls, after Bibles, after any object of Jewish interest, including photographs and pictures of Israel, was manifested again and again during my visit to the Soviet Union. It was equally obvious that the people who desperately wanted to possess such objects were immensely afraid of being discovered taking them. The first time I realized this was not actually in a synagogue, but during a walk in Kiev. I was stopped by a gentleman sitting on a bench in a tree-lined street who asked me if I were Jewish. I answered affirmatively, and then sat down next to him for a conversation of a few minutes. During this conversation I asked whether he would like to have a prayer book which I had on me. He said yes, very much so. Under cover of a newspaper which lay on his lap and which he extended to cover my lap as well, he reached his hands toward the prayer book which I held. He touched the prayer book, held it for a few moments, and then again withdrew his hand. I asked, did he not want the book? He had a peculiar smile on his face then, and asked me, in turn, how old I was. I told him. He then said to me, "You are a very young man. Perhaps 25 years does not mean a great deal to you. But 25 years for me means that I shall die in prison." Then he cried, rose, and walked away. I cannot judge how realistic is his fear of a 25-year prison sentence for possessing or for taking a prayer book from a visitor, but the fact remains that in his own mind such a punishment loomed as a likely consequence.

In the larger cities which I visited in the west of the Soviet Union, I almost never saw anyone under the age of about 60 in a synagogue. Yet I was told again and again by these older people that their children and grandchildren retained strong Jewish identification and wished to come to synagogue services, but were afraid to do so. They pointed to the fact that once a year, on Simchath Torah, thousands of young people, including students from the universities, *do* take the risk of coming to synagogue, but that this is a risk which they permit themselves only once a year. These older men also spoke again and again of their hunger, and the hunger of their children and grandchildren, for Jewish identification of a non-religious nature, of cultural identification. I should perhaps state again that these conversations were never held openly. This would have been impossible because the secular heads of the synagogues prevented these contacts. But, as I stated above, during my first visit to a synagogue I always announced loudly that I would be back again the following mornings and evenings; and then invariably I was intercepted on the way to and from synagogue, and people would, almost always in tears, speak to me and cry out their fear, their anxiety,

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and their sense of desperation at being forced to witness the extinction of their people as a cultural and religious entity.

The situation was somewhat different in the Georgian Republic. For whatever reasons, the inhabitants of this area appear to enjoy a greater degree of individual freedom and sense of security. The Jews, too, seem to have benefited from the greater relaxation of governmental authority. In Georgian synagogues and meeting houses, I found a very large number of Jews attending services, a large proportion of the congregants being young people and children. Even there, however, fear is palpable. I was told again and again by Georgian Jews, often with tears in their eyes, that they could not invite me to their homes, even on a Friday evening, the occasion on which Jewish communities throughout the world freely extend hospitality to the visitor, because to do so was much too dangerous. I was also asked continuously not to speak at all to the younger men, lest their positions or jobs be endangered by the mere contact with a Jew from outside.

Nonetheless, Jews in the Georgian Republic have been able to retain a degree of Jewish identity far beyond that possible to the Jews in the areas of Kiev and Moscow. This is not to say that Jews in Georgia have any cultural or religious institutions. They do not. As in all other parts of the Soviet Union, Jews have been deprived there as well of all organizations or vehicles for religious or cultural expression other than a few synagogues or prayer-meeting places (some of which were, I was told, on the verge of being closed). And the Jews of Georgia are desperately afraid of religious extinction and of the threat of a hostile government which may, at any moment, close the last few remaining synagogues and exert physical pressure against them. In the minds of the Georgian Jews there is still fresh the almost incredible blood-libel accusation of a few years ago, which appeared in newspapers in the east of the Soviet Union. Also, within the last years, a number of their few remaining religious functionaries and teachers were arrested and have disappeared. But the Georgian Jews are, on the whole, a simple people. They have had little experience with recent influences on Jewish thinking, and they are deeply pious. It is clear that many of them would choose death rather than accept the destruction of their remaining religious outlets. It is undoubtedly this devotion to Judaism as well as the somewhat greater regional liberality which accounts for the greater retention of Jewish consciousness among them. But by the same token, they are perhaps to be the most pitied among the Jews in the USSR: They forbid themselves the few roads towards total assimilation, such

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as intermarriage, which may still be open to Soviet Jews, and yet are cut off from the means of perpetuating their religious existence.

Nowhere in the Soviet Union did I find a newsstand or bookstore which carried papers or books in Yiddish or Hebrew, or which contained material of specific Jewish interest. When I asked for copies of *Sovietish Heimland,* I was always told that they were sold out, not available that week, etc. Since returning to the United States, I have received several Yiddish books printed in the USSR, from the secular head of a Moscow synagogue. I never saw these books in the USSR.

Even though Moscow and Kiev have significant numbers of Jews among their population, I never found *any* visible sign of this fact in the way of stores, recreational or cultural facilities, or any other social or economic convenience or institution catering to Jewish needs, tastes, or specific means of expression. In contrast, there was an abundance of such facilities directed towards many other nationalities.

The Jewish community in the Soviet Union is in shambles, created not by the indifference of Jews but by the hostility of the government; the visitor with any Jewish sensitivity feels himself in a graveyard.

Despite the destruction of all cultural and almost all religious means of expression, most Jews of the Soviet Union still retain a deep sense of Jewish identity, and yearn for means of expressing their Jewishness.

Most, if not all, Jews in the Soviet Union live in a state of fear and anxiety, arising from the imminent extinction of their cultural and religious identity, and from the daily uncertainty as to their economic and even physical security. Most Jews with whom I spoke feel discriminated against in career opportunities, in the chances for university admission, and in the routine dealings with the authorities. Many see in the frequent outbreaks of violent ethnic anti-Semitism, in the form of newspaper attacks on Jews as Jews, economic trials, deportation of Jewish communal leaders, etc., the indication of a degree of hostility by the government which makes them question their long-range safety in the Soviet Union. Most Jews see a greater threat in the actions and policies of the central government than in the personal anti-Semitic sentiments harbored by many individual Soviet citizens. It is certainly true that the destruction of the Jewish community of the Soviet Union is the work of the government, not the manifestation of popular anti-Semitism.

Immediate alleviation of governmental pressure could still save the cultural existence of the Jewish community in the USSR. A delay of some years would probably make such a resurrection impossible.

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